

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

WITH SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
THE WAR IN THE EAST By Post, 6d.

Prince of Wales.

The Czar. Grand Duke Serge. The Czarina. Metropolitan of Moscow.

Princess of Wales.

Queen of Greece.



FUNERAL OF CZAR ALEXANDER III.: THE METROPOLITAN ARCHBISHOP OF MOSCOW BLESSING THE NEW EMPEROR IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I do not remember having seen it remarked upon that smells are quite as much "acquired"—in the sense of popularity—as tastes. Persons who work among steam-engines are not overcome by that insufferable odour of warm oil which makes the casual visitor to factories turn sick, and even the person in quest of scientific information impatient of its being imparted to him on the spot. To the small boy the smell of peppermint is an odour from Araby the blest. If everybody detested the smell of boiled greens as some people do there would be no cooks. On the other hand, what are generally held to be delicious scents are to some persons not only offensive but deleterious. Jessamine, for example, makes them faint. It is, therefore, no wonder that there should be a difference of opinion in what constitutes a nuisance in the way of smell. Still, one has seldom seen a greater conflict of evidence than was produced the other day concerning some works at Rotherhithe. Not content with denying the charge, the defendant spoke of the healthy and beautiful aroma which he distributed gratuitously over a (generally speaking) grateful neighbourhood. "Of course, some people didn't like it; everybody did not like the smell of a brewery; but to breathe the fumes that issued from his establishment would make people fat. People in consumption ought to be sent to such places as his works. It was a beautiful smell; some people compared it with eau-de-Cologne. He wanted the vestry inspector to have his nose over the place, because perhaps he was being blamed for some other smell."

I remember a mistake of this kind that happened within my personal experience. I was travelling with a friend from the country up to town in company with two very stout old ladies in deepest black. I had heard that new crape gave out an unpleasant odour, but I could not have believed it to possess such ambition (as Mark Twain calls it) as their crape. It was stifling, and grew worse and worse; it was a cold day in November, but I was obliged to ask permission to put down the window. My friend and I took whiffs at it like the poor wretches in the Black Hole of Calcutta. We thought it a selfish thing in those women to wear such garments. How would they have liked it if we had attired ourselves in suits of new corduroy? However, we concealed our emotion as well as we could, and it seemed to us that the poor things were not unconscious of the inconvenience they were causing us. They sniffed a little too, and when we made that proposal about the window said "By all means," as though they also would be glad of a little air. It was an hour before we stopped at the first station, where my friend and I very quickly got out, and taking our luggage from under the seat, escaped into another carriage. Here we interchanged opinions upon new crape and its wearers pretty freely. "I smell it now," I said. "So do I," he answered faintly, "we shall probably always smell it." Presently it got so much worse that it was absurd to attribute it to any effect of memory. "By Jingo!" exclaimed my friend, "I know what it is." He stooped down, snatched a basket from under the seat, and threw it out of the window. "I told Tom that pheasant was too far gone to travel," he said plaintively. For my part, I had known nothing of the presence of that beastly bird, which had not only given us such intense annoyance, but had caused suspicion to be attached to two (for all I know to the contrary) of the sweetest of their sex.

The greatest attraction excited by odours, and quite independent of their mere agreeableness, is caused by association. How often it happens that a sudden scent in our nostrils brings to the mind's eye a scene that has been long forgotten, a time that will never return again! No roseray, for example, ever smells so sweet to me as that "smell of a brewery"—caused by the drying of the grains, I believe—so extolled by the gentleman at Rotherhithe. My home in the country was close to a brewery, and though the aroma may come from the Tottenham Court Road, I see once more, as I inhale it, "a careless ordered garden close to the ridge of a noble down," and a youth called "Master James," who has been dead these fifty years, and yet, alas! still remembers how all was "May with him" in those days, "from head to heel." In comparatively late years I recollect a curious example of association in this connection, which had, however, no sentiment in it. I was staying at Southend, and took a walk one morning to Shoeburyness. Suddenly the idea of mackerel came strongly into my mind, and remained their inexplicably for a minute or two. On the return journey the same thing occurred at the same place, and upon considering the matter, I found it to arise from the smell of a large field of fennel. It suggested, of course, the sauce, and the sauce the mackerel.

An experiment, I read, is to be made in Auvergne which will be watched with interest. Certain Parisians, tired of artificial life, are about to return to the golden age, and live a life of ease and pleasure in caves. Undeterred by recent illustrations of it in *Punch*, they are resolved to see how primeval life suits them. "Some land has been procured in Auvergne, consisting mostly of chestnut forests, well supplied with water, and furnished with

commodious caves." The caves, however, are not to be furnished; the immigrants will live in an entirely natural state, and clothe themselves with the skins of beasts. "Bread they will not make, for they consider it unnecessary, and its place will be supplied by chestnuts." Their conversation will probably also largely consist of them, since they will be reduced to tell one another the same stories again and again. To keep up their character thoroughly as primitive men they ought to play long whist; but how are they (mechanically speaking) to "make a table"? This, as Robinson Crusoe found, is not an easy matter. These ladies and gentlemen—for they are married couples—have evidently taken that son of solitude and shipwreck for their model. They are going to stock their land with rabbits, frogs, cows, goats, and fowls, which will all live in a wild state; and, as in his case, "will be prevented from escaping by an impenetrable fence." Like him, too, they will not renounce tobacco. Still, though that delightful weed is a great comfort under adverse circumstances, one feels a little doubtful as to the success of this retrograde step. For my part, I have never pretended to like "roughing it." "The best of everything has always been good enough for me," when I could get it, and I have never pined after the second best. I should never have made much of an emigrant, but as a cave-dweller I feel certain I should have been a most complete and disastrous failure. Is it likely that these ladies and gentlemen from Paris will prove otherwise? Even there we have been told by its most cultured citizens that it is difficult to pass the time. One of them of world-wide reputation refused to marry a lady eminently suitable to him, and whom he dined with, daily, upon the ground that if he did so he would have "nowhere to spend his evenings." And how are they to be spent in a cave in Auvergne? Think of these gentlemen entertaining the ladies with the account of how they killed the pigs and skinned the fowls, while the ladies make their garments out of the goat-skins!

Nothing, it seems, gives some people such distress of mind as not to have their relatives buried in particular spots. Half the heartburnings that arise between the clergy and the Dissenters come from the refusal of the former to bury the latter, which Sydney Smith, the most humorous of clerics, always professed himself eager and willing to do. A Bishop of Salisbury is credited with having persuaded one of his clergy to perform the last rites he had obstinately refused to a Calvinist ("There are none but Church of England people in my churchyard," he had said, "and never shall be") by the narration of a personal experience. "When curate of a church in Thames Street, I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service. 'Sir, I want to speak to you, and immediately. I cannot wait till you have done' (for I had naturally remonstrated at the interruption) 'or it will be too late. You are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it.'" The application of the story was understood, and had the desired effect, but it was told so long ago that it seems to be forgotten.

The teetotal folks in America are shocked at the idea of christening ships with champagne, and on the occasion of baptising a new liner have generously sent the President, (who was to perform the ceremony) a bottle of water as a substitute. This is not a very logical act; indeed, one would think that the waste of a bottle of champagne would have been a subject of satisfaction to them. One of their high priests in this country proposed, I remember, to empty the contents of a noble wine-cellar into the Thames, and immediately opposite the Houses of Parliament, that the sacrifice might have a national significance. No such principle is involved in the christening of ships, the sort of vintage used for that purpose not being of a class thought highly of by connoisseurs. Is it, then, the fish that these good folks are afraid of demoralising? Or are they afraid of the wine getting into the figurehead?

The unusual excitement over the Southend murder, though repressed in high quarters, does not appear to me to have been, at all events, without cause. There was a touch of "high life below stairs" about the criminal which takes it out of the common category. It is certain that he must, to women at least, have been a very attractive man, and, perceiving that the rôle of a Don Juan suited him, he embraced it. There is a general notion that this class of person is only found among a much higher class: one, in fact, which has little else to do. He has been described generally as rather well-looking, but that counts but little in comparison with an engaging manner. One is rather curious to know what women saw in him that led one after another to their ruin. He was a first-class liar, of course, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with his victims. One would have said, but for what we know of him, that he was a light-hearted and not unkindly scoundrel—the last sort of person to commit murder. One has to remember what Burns tells us of the effect such a mode of life has upon the character—

I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealin';
But ah! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feelin'.

It is difficult to define the particular attraction that recommends a man to his fellow-creatures. Even with the best of us, it is certainly not genius, nor learning, nor virtue. We may respect him but little, and not even admire him, but we cannot help liking him. He seems to have "given us potions" which we cannot resist. He does not succeed with men—though easily with women—if he is a scoundrel, but we often take to our bosoms one who is little removed from a scamp. When he dies we may truly say that we might have better spared a better man. Most of these persons are of a lively and genial disposition, but not always; Napoleon was quite otherwise, yet he had a wonderful gift of attracting the affections of those about him.

A philosophic writer has observed that "nothing could form a more curious collection of memoirs than anecdotes of preferment. Could the secret history of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the first step to advancement. It would be much oftener found owing to superficial qualifications." The first of these is probably charm of manner, but good looks—and this more with men than women—are a pretty sure passport to favour. How Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton first won the smile of their sovereign is well known. M. de Chamillart, Minister of France, owed his promotion to the fact that he was the only man in France who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards, and probably forbore to do so. "He retired [we are told] with a pension, after ruining the finances of his country." Louis Barbier owed his rise to his familiar knowledge of Rabelais, a taste shared by his patron, the Duke of Orleans, through whose means he became a Cardinal.

It is curious how easily people who wish to be offended find causes of offence. One writes to ask me how I could venture to say in a recent page of the "Note Book," apropos of Mr. Bayard's remarks on us, that there were few households in Great Britain where a "big, big D" was not occasionally dropped when the top of a billiard-cue comes off, or when one treads on the tail of the Persian cat. There are doubtless thousands of dwellings where watch and ward are kept strictly enough upon the tongue, though not always on the temper; but, as this fault-finder must be well aware, I was speaking only of large country-houses, such as an ambassador would be likely to visit, where there are numerous guests of different ages and characters, and whose education has been the reverse of Puritanical. My own approval of the capital letter in question is a gratuitous assumption very characteristic of the writer and his kind.

The danger involved in novelists buying other men's ideas is obvious. If it goes no further than a plot which may be conveyed in a few sentences, there is no great harm done, though I think it is better even to avoid that much of assistance. It is at best an unsportsmanlike proceeding, like using a horse-block to mount one's steed. But when the idea thus made the subject of a pecuniary transaction extends to a short story, which the novelist proposes to expand into a long one and put his own name to, his path is full of peril. It is not, in my judgment, an honest thing to do. Great artists have often been assisted in the less important portions of their pictures by other hands, and have not been blamed; and in literature itself we have the case of Dumas the elder, who in his later years is said to have confined his labours to licking other men's stories into shape and giving them a touch from his master hand. But there is a general prejudice in favour of story-tellers writing their own stories, and not putting their names to those of other people. In a recent case all the dangers of the contrary practice have been exemplified. Y, a popular novelist, purchases of X, an unknown writer, a story which it seems to him "lends itself" to expansion; he thinks it a pity so much good seed should be sown on such scanty ground. X, it would appear, holds the like view, is quite willing to hide his candle under the bushel of Y's reputation, and pockets the sum offered to him with complacency. So far as they two were concerned, whatever opinion the public might have of the transaction, the business seems settled. But Y likes the story so well that he though he expands it, he does not take the trouble to rewrite it. This X resents, and when the publication has proved a success, accuses Y of stealing his goods. As it is certain he would have been discreetly silent had the book been a failure, X fails to attract our sympathy. An honest man sticks to his contract, however contrary to his expectations may be the result; and a man of honour who has promised secrecy preserves it. But how sad is the position in which Y finds himself! He does not appear to have read Mr. Guthrie's "Giant's Robe."

The excuse given in the American *Critic* for the treatment of Mr. Watts's picture of "Love and Life" at the White House seems not without reason. The proper place, it is argued, for such a work of art is the National Museum. There is no art gallery at the White House, and "people do not visit the Executive Mansion for the sake of seeing pictures. The visitors are usually country people who want to see what the house of the President is like. They probably never saw a painting of the nude in their lives, and would be inexpressibly shocked to see one for the first time in such a place."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CZAR'S FUNERAL AT MOSCOW AND ST. PETERSBURG.

In the ancient capital of Russia, within the precinct of palaces and stately churches called the Kremlin, on Sunday, Nov. 11, the body of the late Emperor Alexander III., brought from the shores of the Crimea by his son and his widow, accompanied by the imperial family and Court and their princely visitors who had attended his death-bed, was exposed to public view. This took place in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, to which the deceased Czar's coffin was conveyed from the railway station, upon its arrival by train from Sebastopol at half-past ten in the morning of that day, with an imposing procession through the city. The funeral car, drawn by eight led horses draped in black, was preceded by the clergy holding lighted tapers and sacred banners or emblems; by the bearers of the imperial crown, globe and sceptre, and of the crowns of Kazan, Georgia, Taurida, Poland, Siberia and Astrakhan; and by officers carrying different banners. Behind the car walked the new Emperor Nicholas II., with his suite,

Metropolitan Archbishop, holding the censer in his hand, gave his special blessing to the new Emperor, Nicholas II. On Tuesday morning, Nov. 13, at ten o'clock, the funeral train arrived at St. Petersburg, and a street procession of immense length set forth, extending nearly two miles, formed in thirteen sections, and including fifty-six different groups, military corps, servants of the imperial household, standards and banners to the number of fifty, crowns and other regalia, decorations of Russian and foreign orders, and heraldic escutcheons, deputations of various governmental, provincial, and municipal authorities, the Ministers and Councillors of State, the clergy, by hundreds, in white robes with silver brocade, the Bishops in their jewelled mitres, preceding the gorgeous funeral car with its golden canopy. The new Emperor, Nicholas II., with the Prince of Wales by his side, walked behind the car, followed by the Grand Dukes and other Princes, and by eight mourning carriages; in the first carriage sat the Empress with her two daughters and Princess Alix of Hesse; in the next were the Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The route of the procession was very circuitous, traversing nearly eight miles, and it took nearly two hours to pass any particular point; four times

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS.

From many places in the southern and western counties of England we have had accounts of the serious prolonged disturbance and damage caused by storms of wind and sudden heavy rains, since Monday evening, Nov. 12. The valleys and level lands in those parts of West Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Wiltshire which are traversed by the Upper Thames and its tributaries were largely overflowed. Somersetshire appears to have suffered even more, especially along the lower part of the river Avon, and the city of Bath continued during four or five days to feel the greatest inconvenience. In the more central and older portion of the city, near the river, the inhabitants were put to extreme distress, as many of the houses were flooded in the parish of St. Paul, in the Dolemeads, and in other districts, so that the poor families could not escape, and it was necessary to send boats for their relief. Others were got out of the upper windows of the houses by the aid of ladders, which were sent round in carts where the water was not too deep. It was necessary to provide food and temporary sleeping-places for hundreds of poor people. At Oxford, likewise, the town experienced much inconvenience for several days; the waterworks reservoir overflowed on Thursday, Nov. 15,



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR: PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH LUBIANSKI SQUARE, MOSCOW.
Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Serge, Governor of Moscow, Alexis, Michael, Alexander, and others, brothers and nephews or cousins of the deceased. In the mourning coaches that followed sat the Empress, the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna (Princess Alix of Hesse), the late Czar's daughters Xenia and Olga, the Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and other ladies. Entering the walled enclosure of the Kremlin, this procession stopped in front of the Cathedral Church of St. Michael the Archangel; there stood at the doorway the Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, with all the prelates and clergy of his diocese. The pall was taken off the funeral car by four Generals of the Staff; the Emperor Nicholas II., with the Princes and Grand Dukes, then lifted the coffin, which they carried into the church, preceded by the clergy, and placed it upon a specially prepared catafalque. This erection, covered with crimson and gold, had over it as canopy a splendid baldachin of golden cloth in the circular shape of the cap of Monomachus, the oldest crown of the Russian Czars. The lid of the coffin having been removed by Generals and placed on a side table, the impressive service for the dead was begun by the Metropolitan, assisted by the high clergy of Moscow. Many thousands of people came to the Archangel Cathedral, to see the Czar's body lying in state, before its departure for St. Petersburg. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was the only newspaper correspondent present at the ceremonial in the Kremlin of Moscow, when the

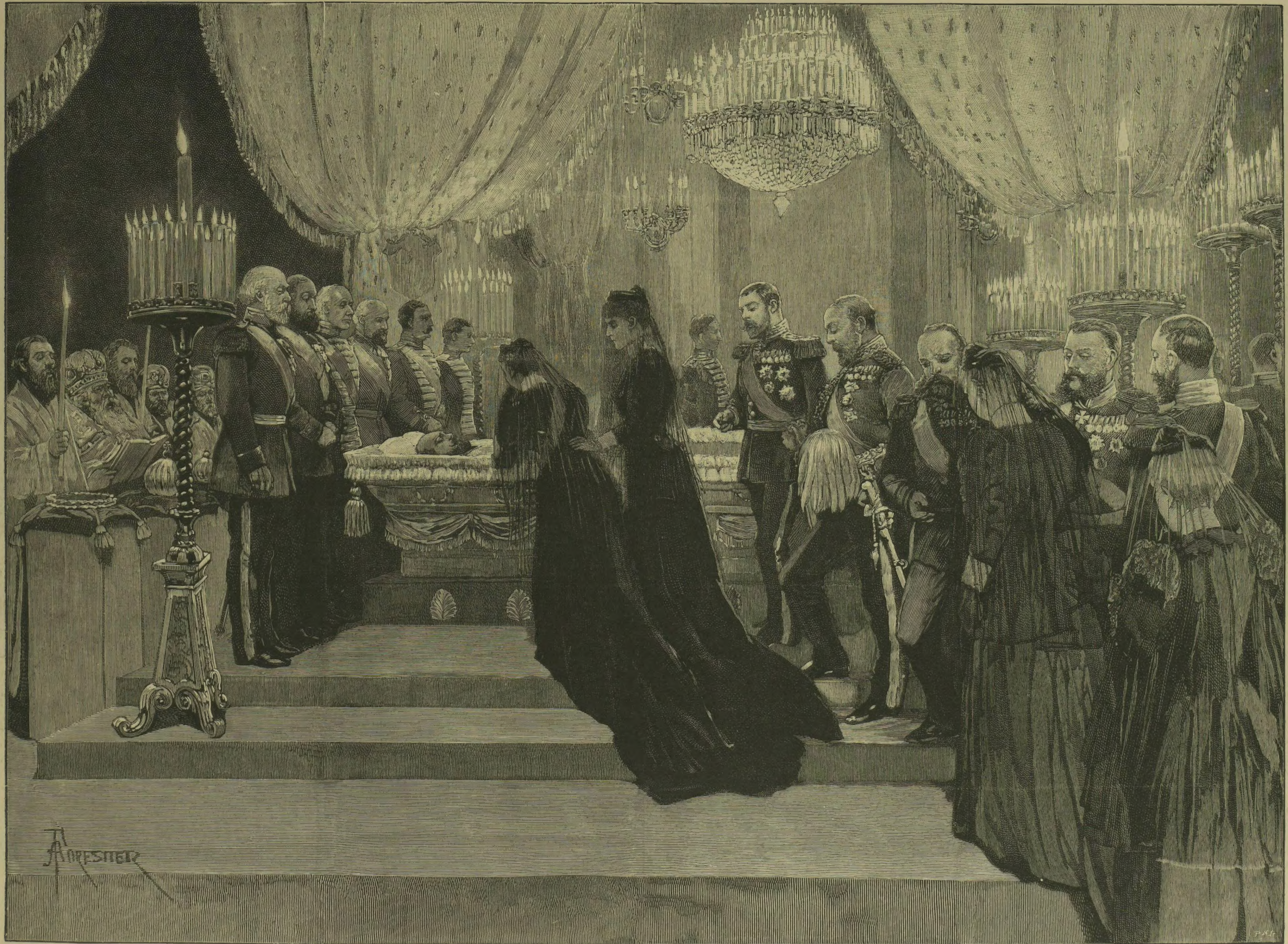
a halt was made for prayers at the most noted shrines or churches. It was not until two o'clock that the coffin was brought into the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, borne by the hands of the Emperor Nicholas and the Princes and Grand Dukes, and was laid upon a catafalque of crimson velvet fringed with gold. The lid of the coffin was raised, and the form and face of the deceased Czar were plainly seen, the body only covered below the breast with a pall of gold cloth and ermine. The memory of this impressive exhibition is reproduced by our Special Artist in his sketch entitled "The Last Farewell." After the performance of a requiem mass according to the ecclesiastical rites of the Russian Church, the imperial family and their guests left the Cathedral. The late Czar's body lay there in state, day after day, visited at all hours, day and night, by thousands of people, in all a quarter of a million, until Monday, Nov. 19, when it was finally deposited among the tombs of his predecessors, near those of his father and mother, his elder brother and his sister. The concluding burial service, performed by the Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg, with the prelates and members of the Holy Synod, was attended by the Emperor Nicholas, the Empress his mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of York, the King and Queen of Greece, the young King of Serbia, the King of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Henry of Prussia, and several German Princes.

streets were flooded, and trains could not start on the railway. Windsor and Eton, Chertsey and Walton, on the Thames, were inundated. At Reading the large biscuit factory and iron-works were stopped, causing much loss. Eton College, on Saturday, Nov. 17, was surrounded with water a foot deep, and all the boys were sent home to their families. The South-Western Railway line between Staines and Windsor was so flooded that the engine-fire of one train, running through Datchet, was extinguished by the water, and traffic was stopped for some time. The Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, drove out from Windsor Castle to look at the floods, and sent a message to the Mayor of Windsor, offering the use of carts and horses from the royal farms and stables, with contributions to the relief stores, gratefully accepted by the Corporation of that town. At Henley, at Cookham and Maidenhead, and down the river, at Chertsey, Kingston, Surbiton, Hampton Court, East Moulsey, Twickenham, and Richmond, the low-lying grounds were overflowed. In the West of England, the neighbourhood of Taunton, on the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and the South Devon Railway from Exeter to Plymouth, exhibited scenes of an unusual character. They were not less remarkable in Cornwall; both near St. Ives, on the north coast of that county, and at Marazion, not far from Penzance, torrents were formed which, pouring into narrow valleys, demolished cottages and other buildings. Many sheep and cattle perished.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR: PROCESSION STARTING FROM THE RAILWAY STATION AT MOSCOW.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ROBERT

The Czarina. Princess of Wales. The Czar. Prince of Wales. Grand Duke Michael. Duchess of Coburg. Grand Duke Vladimir. Grand Duke Serge. Princess Alix of Hesse.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR: THE LAST FAREWELL.

Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg.

PERSONAL.

The announcement of the death of the Rev. Canon Prothero, Sub-Dean of Westminster and Rector of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, has occasioned very general regret among many classes of society. The Queen, in the Court Circular of Monday, paid a touching tribute to his memory; and all associated with him, either at Westminster or elsewhere, cherish the kindest recollections of his gentleness, courtesy, and friendship. Whippingham Church, of which he had been rector for thirty-seven years, is ever an object of interest to visitors to the Isle of Wight. Canon Prothero was not much known in London, for although he had been connected with Westminster Abbey since 1869, he was not what is called a "popular" preacher; but those who heard his sermons enjoyed his scholarly expositions and his quiet, gentle application of religious truths to the practical side of everyday life. The late Canon was a graduate at Oxford, taking his degree from Brasenose College in 1840. He was ordained the same year by Bishop Monk, and began work in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol. He held the incumbency of Clifton-on-Teme for a few years before proceeding to the Isle of Wight. He was curate of Whippingham from 1853 to 1857, and in the latter year he was nominated by the Lord Chancellor to the rectory, a position he held with unfailing acceptance to all classes of parishioners to the time of his death. He was nominated to his canonry at Westminster in 1869. The late Canon passed away quite suddenly from heart disease, but he had been in failing health for some time past. Mr. R. E. Prothero, the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is his son.

Aberdeen, like its granite and its politics, is sometimes supposed to be unchangeable. This view, at any rate,

will not hold in regard to its University, which at present is in a state of flux owing to changes in its educational system and in its very physical appearance. Its personnel, too, has recently undergone much transformation, for within the last year alone there have been changes in no fewer than

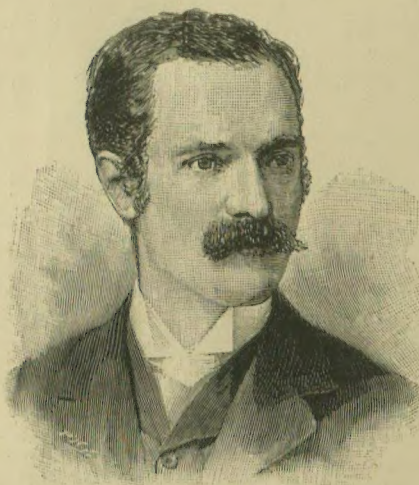


Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.
PROFESSOR SORLEY, ABERDEEN.

five of its professoriates. The most notable, perhaps, is the appointment of Mr. William Ritchie Sorley to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University. There has been a tendency of late in the "northern city cold" to appoint as professors others than locally trained men. Mr. Sorley is a brilliant example of this policy. He graduated at Edinburgh University in 1875 with first-class honours in Philosophy, and carried off all the blue ribbons that fall to the Scotch academic philosopher. After two sessions at Tübingen and Berlin, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became Senior in the Moral Science Tripos of 1882, and in the following year he was elected a Fellow of Trinity. His experience as a teacher ranges over a long period. He has been assistant professor in Edinburgh, he has lectured at Cambridge, he has conducted classes in University College, London, and since 1887 he has been Professor of Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy in University College, Cardiff. He has written a good deal, including, "The Ethics of Naturalism," "Jewish Medieval Philosophy and Spinoza," which won the Hulsean Prize in 1880, while he has also written a treatise on mining royalties.

The new Irish Commissioner of Education, Mr. Christopher Redington, is a Privy Councillor and member of an old Irish Catholic family in Galway. His father was at one time Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle. Mr. Redington is in politics a moderate Home Ruler. His new appointment is a surprise to people who confidently asserted that Mr. Sexton would have the Commissionership, though Mr. Sexton, like the rest of his Nationalist colleagues, is under a pledge not to take office of any kind.

To an American writer we are indebted for a diverting proposal of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. If any European Power should attack the Americans we are to help them with our navy; and if any European Power should attack England the Americans are to help us by a benevolent neutrality. This scheme is not a joke, it has been seriously propounded with a view to an "Anglo-American Union," and that it is a slightly one-sided arrangement does not seem to have dawned on its disinterested author.

We thought it was generally accepted that life is shortened for many people by nervous pressure, but Dr. Clifford Allbutt, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge University, says this is a delusion. He does not believe in the alleged mischiefs of over-education, and he says that people who have high-strung nerves are very much to be congratulated. The more excitable the nervous system is the more efficient it becomes. As for the supposed increase of nervous disease, this is explained by the fact not that there is any such increase, but that nervous disorders are better understood than they used to be. This doctrine will be resented by many people who have persuaded themselves that but for their nerves they would be much happier and more successful.

Mr. Ramsay, the new Conservative member for Forfarshire, has the distinction of winning for his party a seat



Photo by Bassano.
THE HON. C. M. RAMSAY, M.P. FOR FORFARSHIRE.

which has never before been represented by a Tory. Before the schism in the Liberal party in 1886 Forfarshire returned a Liberal by a majority of several thousands. In 1886 a Liberal Unionist held the seat, which was won for the Liberals by Sir John Rigby in 1892. Sir John Rigby's majority of 866 has been

turned by Mr. Ramsay into a Conservative majority of 288, a notable victory which has naturally given great satisfaction to the Opposition. This makes the second seat the Government have lost since 1892 in a balance of loss and gain.

A singular career has ended with the death of Caroline Agnes, Dowager Duchess of Montrose. She was the daughter of Lord Decies, and married the fourth Duke of Montrose in 1836, when she was eighteen. In 1876 she took a second husband, the late Mr. W. S. Stirling-Crawford; and in 1888 she was married to Mr. Marcus Henry Milner. The Dowager Duchess was renowned for her racing stud, and for her personal devotion to the Turf. She called herself "Mr. Manton" in the "Sporting Directory," and her horses won large sums in stakes. Her familiarity with the stable gave a piquancy to her conversation, and she was withal a woman of great shrewdness and force of character.

Mr. Kenelm Digby, the new Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Office, was appointed a County Court judge in Derbyshire only two years ago. County Court judgeships do not usually lead any further on the road to preferment, and Mr. Digby's sudden promotion to one of the most important offices in the Civil Service has caused some surprise. The permanent officials exercise a great power in the State. They might, indeed, be described as forming a separate Estate of the Realm. The common belief is that they are not keenly alive to the necessity of reform, and look on all innovations with a jaundiced eye. However, as Mr. Digby has been chosen by Mr. Asquith, he is probably considered by the Home Secretary as proof against the fossilising influences of permanent officialism.

Although the name of the late Francis Magnard was less known in England than that of many of his less important confrères, the editor of the *Figaro* may be said to have been one of the most, if not the most, important journalistic personalities on the Continent. When Emile Zola came last autumn to London, in response to an invitation from the Institute of Journalists, M. Magnard accompanied him, and was present at all the many meetings, banquets, and receptions which followed; but nothing would induce him to make a speech, or, indeed, *acte de présence* in any way; and he was also one of the few of the band of journalists who on their return to Paris absolutely refused to be interviewed on their impressions of London. Although he was the first to introduce the interview into French journalism, M. Magnard intensely disliked to undergo the ordeal, and perhaps he owed not a little of his power to the fact that so very little was known about him. Many writers on the *Figaro* only knew their *réducteur-en-chef* through the

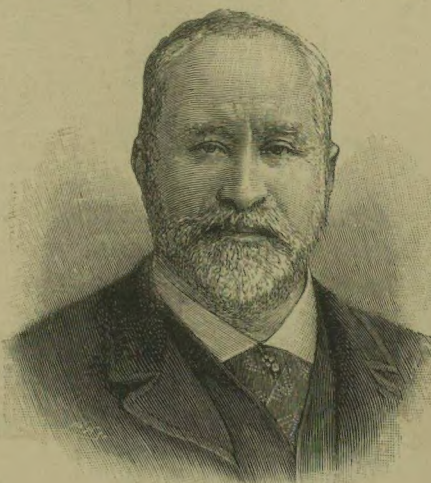


Photo by Nadar, Paris.
THE LATE M. FRANCIS MAGNARD,
Editor of the "Figaro."

initials "F. M." placed at the end of the sober, admirably written political leaderettes which were generally a feature of the first page of his paper.

Francis Magnard would have been fifty-seven on Feb. 11 next. He was born at Brussels of a Norman family, and was a Parisian ever since early childhood. Intended by his family for the Church, he was partly educated at the Petit-Séminaire, but soon left the theological college for a Government office; it was there in his spare moments that he began contributing to various daily papers, notably the *Gaulois*. He was definitely offered by De Villemessant a post on the staff of the *Figaro* when he was five and twenty; there he first was given charge of the column entitled "*Paris au jour le jour*," a summary of the contents of current publications; then of the literary portion of the paper, and finally the political directorship.

There is some expectation that M. Alphonse Daudet will shortly visit London for the first time. He will have an enthusiastic welcome from the many English admirers of the author of "*Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*," "*Jack*," and "*Le Nabab*." The affinity between M. Daudet and Dickens is striking—so striking, indeed, that the French writer has told us how nearly he came to making one of his characters so like a character in "*Our Mutual Friend*," a work he had not read, that but for the intervention of a confrère who knew the story, he would have run the risk of being charged with direct plagiarism. In "*Jack*" and "*Le Nabab*" the likeness to Dickens is unmistakable.

Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Thomas Matthew Charles Symonds, G.C.B., who died on Nov. 14, at Torquay, in his eighty-third year, retired from active service in 1878, but long kept his name before the public by writing letters in the *Times* upon the need of augmenting and improving our naval force. He was a son of Admiral Sir W. Symonds, who held the office of Surveyor to the Navy from 1832 to 1847, and who designed some of the most useful wooden sailing ships of the fleet which Britannia had to rule the waves with half a century ago. The experiences of actual warfare in the career of the late Sir Thomas Symonds happened chiefly in the Russian War from 1853 to 1856, but he had previously served long in the Mediterranean, and in the East and West Indies. He was flag-captain to Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons in the *Agamemnon*, and commanded the *Arethusa* at the landing of the French and English allied army in the Crimea, and in the bombardment of the harbour forts of Sebastopol. In later years he became the Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, and finally Port Admiral there; but in 1868 was in command of the Channel Squadron.

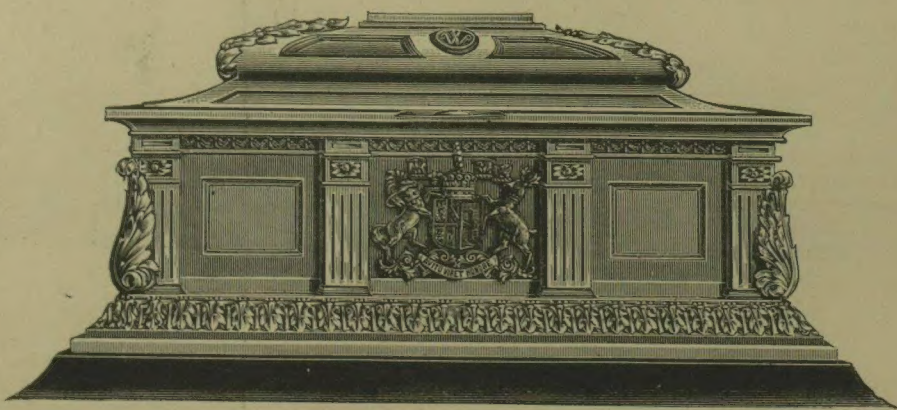


Photo by Bassano.
THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS SYMONDS.

An interesting Anglo-French marriage is about to take place in the South of France—that of Miss Letizia Bonaparte-Wyse, the great-great-niece of Napoleon I., and the only feminine Bonaparte of her generation, for the Duchess of Aosta and her brothers are the grandchildren of the famous Corsican's brother Jerome. Like her aunt, Madame Rattazzi, the young lady is said to recall strongly her namesake, Madame Mère; her father, Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte-Wyse, is well known as a South and Central American explorer, and was one of those who made an effort to reconstitute on a good business basis the Panama Canal affair. The fiancé of Miss Bonaparte-Wyse, M. du Petit-Thouars, is a distinguished naval officer, and the great-grandson of the heroic French Admiral who commanded the *Tonnant* at the battle of Aboukir, and who, after having lost two legs and an arm, was lifted by his orders into a tub of sawdust, and continued giving orders till he fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood.

Dr. Ibsen is in a great state over the unauthorised and premature publication of certain details of his new play. It is said to be called "*The Evil Eye*," and to turn upon that rather antiquated superstition. Dr. Ibsen declares that some enemy in the printing office must have made this unwarrantable disclosure, so it would seem that in spite of denials the published particulars are not far from the mark. Evidently Dr. Ibsen is again in the symbolic and allegorical vein of the "*The Master Builder*," a fact which will be regretted by some of his admirers.

A very beautiful silver casket has just been completed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Sheffield and London, for presentation to the Countess of Wharnccliffe by the directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, on the occasion of her Ladyship's cutting the first turf of the new railway to London. The design is classical, with pilasters obverse and reverse, deeply recessed panels with ogee mouldings occupying the intervening spaces, while the arms of the Earl and Countess of Wharnccliffe, with crests and supporters of the motto, "*Avito vires honore*," are emblazoned in high relief within the centre panel; the reverse bearing the ribbon, with legend and shields of the five cities and towns, with national emblems intervening, forming the device of the Company, also in relief.



SILVER CASKET PRESENTED TO LADY WHARNCLIFFE BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is at Windsor Castle. On Thursday, Nov. 15, her Majesty received the six native envoys from Swaziland, in South Africa, introduced by the Marquis of Ripon; their names are Nonganga, Libokwana, Mhlonitshwa, M'konkoni, Mabovu, and Cleopas Kunene. They left England on Saturday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales stay at St. Petersburg until after the marriage of the Czar Nicholas with Princess Alix of Hesse, on Monday, Nov. 26, and it is expected that the Princess of Wales will then accompany her sister, the widowed Empress, either to her parents' home at Copenhagen, or to visit the younger son of the late Emperor and Empress, who is dangerously ill at a place in the Caucasus provinces of South Russia.

On Monday, Nov. 19, in most of the capitals of Europe, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Copenhagen, and other cities, memorial services were celebrated in the chapels of the Russian embassies, attended by the diplomatic representatives of different Courts and nations. The German Emperor and Empress, the President of the French Republic, and the Queen of Denmark attended these services in person. Queen Victoria attended a special service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. There was a service also at Westminster Abbey, and in the parish church of Sandringham, Norfolk.

The election for the Scotch county seat, Forfarshire, made vacant by the promotion of Sir John Rigby, the late Solicitor-General, to the judicial Bench, resulted in the polling on Saturday, Nov. 17, of 5145 votes in favour of the Hon. C. M. Ramsay, the Conservative candidate, against 4857 for Mr. H. Robson, the Gladstonian Liberal.

Mr. Kenelm E. Digby, County Court Judge in Derbyshire, has been nominated by the Home Secretary to succeed Sir Godfrey Lushington as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The new Lady Mayoress, Lady Renals, on Saturday, Nov. 17, distributed prizes for shooting to the London Rifle Brigade, at the drill-hall in Bunhill Row, the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Renals, presiding.

The Duke of Connaught visited Worthing on Nov. 17, and presided over the annual meeting of the Sussex Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons.

The London School Board has issued its annual report, showing that the amount of existing accommodation in all schools for elementary instruction is now 715,795 places, an increase of nearly 21,000 over last year, although the schools not belonging to the Board have slightly decreased. The number of children on the roll in Board Schools is 488,039, with an average attendance of 390,812; in the non-Board Schools there are 226,163 on the roll, with 177,579 average attendance. The Board has during the year to the end of March last opened fourteen new schools, purchased fifty sites, and arranged for twenty-one enlargements of schools; it has now 430 schools under its management, with 1220 head teachers, 6974 assistant teachers, and 1525 pupil teachers. The total expenditure in the twelvemonth has been £2,033,565.

The approaching elections for the new London School Board, to hold office for three years, have excited greater interest than upon any former occasion; but the result will not be known until several days after the time at which this note is written.

Disasters have occurred at sea. Off the Spurn, on the east coast, the ship *Culmore*, going to Hamburg, capsized and sank on Nov. 15, and twenty-two persons, including the captain and his wife, perished; these two dying from injuries by part of the wreck falling upon them when they were overboard and about to be picked up. In the Channel, also, there were coasting vessels wrecked by the gales of Nov. 14, and seven dead sailors drifted ashore at Worthing from the steamer *Zadne*, belonging to Newcastle or North Shields.

By a fire which broke out in the Lace Market at Nottingham on Nov. 17 several warehouses and factories were destroyed, and damage done to the extent of £150,000; about two thousand hands will be temporarily thrown out of work.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Sir John Willoughby, Dr. Jameson, and Dr. Harris, of the British South Africa Company, have arrived in England from Cape Town. They were welcomed by the Mayor of Plymouth. In acknowledging this greeting, Mr. Rhodes said the congratulations would have been more advantageous when they were under difficulties in Mashonaland and Matabililand.

At the opening of the German Reichstag the anti-revolutionary measures alone will first be introduced. The Emperor has already authorised the Government to lay the Bills before the Federal Council.

The new Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, before leaving Alsace and Lorraine for Berlin, received both at Strasburg and at Metz very cordial expressions of friendly regard among the inhabitants of those provinces.

The French Government has presented to the Chamber of Deputies a vote of credit for 65,000,000*f.* on account of the expenses of the intended military and naval expedition to Madagascar.

The marriage of the Czar Nicholas II. of Russia to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna (Princess Alix of Hesse) takes place on Monday, Nov. 26, in the chapel of

the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, with comparatively little public display. Their Imperial Majesties will afterwards go to the Palace of Czarskoe Selo.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt on Nov. 16 in Sicily and Southern Italy. Much damage was done at Messina, and one woman killed; the keeper of a lighthouse, the upper part of which collapsed, was injured. Great cracks appeared in the walls of houses, and in several churches. The shock was felt throughout the entire province of Messina, and also in Calabria. Its effects were most severe at Seminara and Palmi. At the former place thirteen persons have been killed and over fifty injured. The village has been almost entirely destroyed. At Palmi all the houses have been rendered uninhabitable, and there are seven dead and fifty injured. At Malocchio and Terranuova a number of houses have been damaged, but all the inhabitants escaped unhurt. Here, too, the whole population is camping out of doors. The total loss of lives is reckoned at four hundred.

The war between China and Japan seems to be drawing near its crisis in the near approach of the Japanese army to Port Arthur, the fortifications of which are very strong; but it is uncertain whether the Chinese troops will act vigorously in defence, though all retreat from that position is cut off by the enemy holding the isthmus, and the Chinese fleet is not in a condition to favour escape by sea.

The Netherlands Government has received from Java dispatches relating further conflicts in the district of Lombok, at the eastern extremity of that island. On

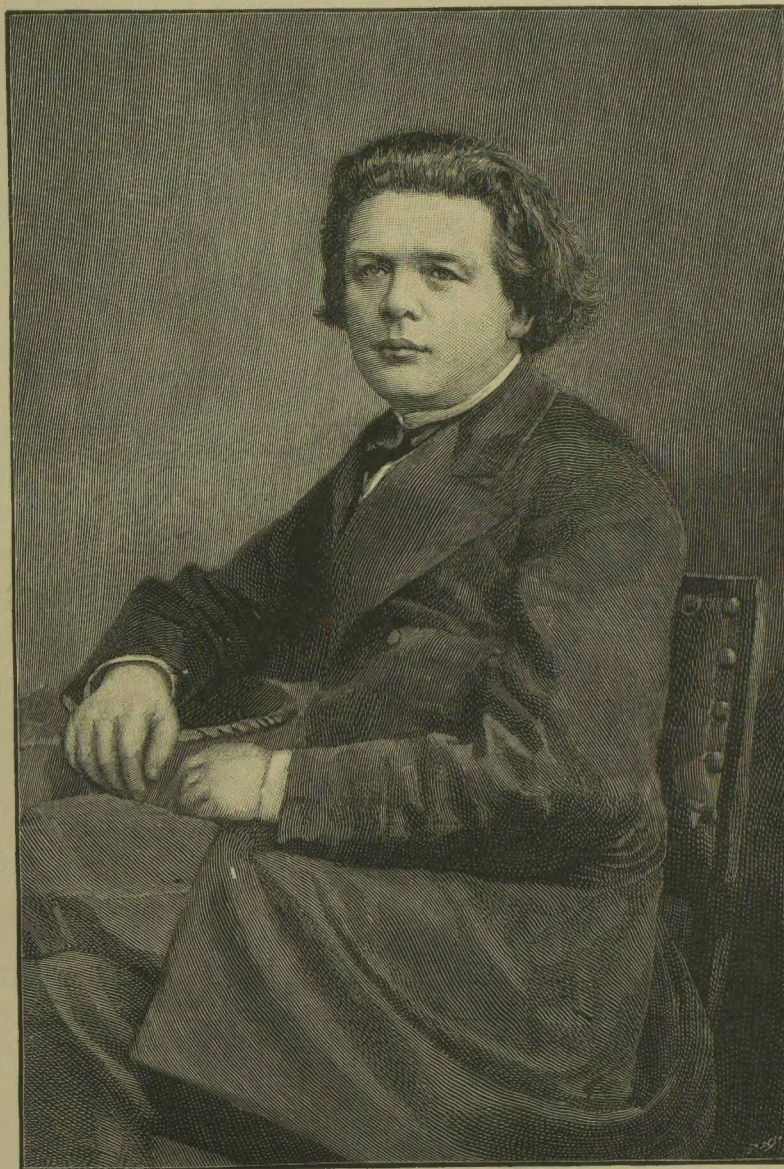


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE LATE ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Nov. 18 Tjakra Negara, the stronghold of the insurgent Balinese, was attacked by the Dutch troops, who stormed the place as far as the Poerie, the palace of the Rajah. The fighting was severe, the Dutch losing twenty-nine killed and 112 wounded. The enemy lost several hundreds. Neither the Rajah nor his treasure has been discovered.

The Armenian Patriotic Association has addressed to Lord Kimberley a memorial charging the Kurdish troops in Armenia with perpetrating, under orders from Ottoman authorities, a series of appalling outrages, rivalling the Bulgarian atrocities, on Armenians in the neighbourhood of Bitlis and in the district of Sasoun. From Constantinople, however, comes an official statement that the affair was really a revolt of armed Armenians, which was only suppressed with difficulty after the insurgents had committed much devastation and plunder.

The Portuguese Government has announced that the conditions of the arbitration for the delimitation of Manicaland were settled in London. The Italian Senator Vigliani has been chosen arbitrator, and the British and Portuguese Governments have undertaken to abide by his decision. Rumours as to a contemplated attack by the chief Gungunhana on the Inhambane tribes have created excitement in Lisbon, and the Government intends to dispatch immediately a second expeditionary force of 1000 men to Lorenzo Marquez.

The new President of the Brazilian Republic, Senhor Prudente de Moraes, has taken office. His manifesto to the nation advocates reforms in the collection and employment of the revenue, a gradual redemption of the paper currency, and the stimulation of private initiative in the development of agriculture and other industries. A loan of six millions sterling is proposed.

THE DEATH OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

A great light has ceased to shine in the musical firmament by the sudden death of Anton Rubinstein. The famous musician succumbed to heart disease on Nov. 20, at Peterhof, outside St. Petersburg. In ten days' time he would have attained his sixty-fifth birthday. Born on the borderland between Austria and Russia, he displayed such remarkable talent that his parents, who were Russian Jews, took him at the age of seven to Moscow for musical training. Three years later he created a sensation at his debut, which was followed by study in Paris under the sympathetic advice of Liszt. In 1841 he toured through Europe with the success due to a prodigy. In Berlin afterwards he studied composition arduously under Dehn. Then came an interval spent in Vienna and Berlin; and in 1854 he made another tour, astonishing everybody in the European capitals by his brilliant performances on the pianoforte. It is easy to term Rubinstein a virtuoso, but that need not belittle the marvel of his playing. In it was eccentricity, dominated by genius. An American author named Adams has given a humorous, but on the whole faithful, account of the great pianist, describing the kaleidoscopic effects produced by Rubinstein. He magnetised every audience before whom he appeared, and leaves behind him a reputation as mystical as that of Paganini. He was for more than thirty years the Director of the Conservatoire at St. Petersburg, and in this period his industry in composition was more striking than successful. All varieties of style, from oratorios like "The Tower of Babel," operas like "Dimitri Donskoi," symphonies, sonatas, and songs, proceeded from his prolific brain without intermission. Alexander II. ennobled him in 1869, and France bestowed the Legion of Honour upon him. The Russian capital was *en fête* in his honour five years ago on the occasion of his jubilee. His personality was full of sudden changes, from gravity to gaiety, from passion to peace, but much is forgiven to an artist—and that, undoubtedly, Rubinstein was.

Lady Hallé returned to the home of her past multitudinous triumphs at St. James's Hall on Monday night. For her introduction she joined MM. Ries, Gibson, and Popper in the interpretation of Beethoven's Quartet in C major. The first movement wobbled a little, as though the players were mutually distrustful of one another, to so great an extent that Lady Hallé sometimes fluttered round the pure unfettered note, and refused to utter it. From the end of the first movement, however, all was assured and clear. The famous andante went like flowing water, smoothly and clearly; and the finale could scarcely have been bettered. Of Professor Stanford's Irish pieces, a set of pretty enough compositions, Lady Hallé made all that could possibly be made. She played them with gusto, and even with dramatic action. Miss Kate Cove was the vocalist of the evening, and sang freshly and prettily; while Herr Schönberger played Beethoven rather irresponsibly. He is capable of better things.

The Crystal Palace concert on Nov. 17 chiefly emphasised the extreme good-nature of Mr. Manns, who was pleased to put at the head of his programme Mr. William Wallace's new overture, "In Praise of Scottish Poesie." There can be no doubt that Mr. Wallace's work is very Scotch indeed, and also that Mr. Manns is very good-natured indeed. M. Emile Sauret played a new Concerto in C for violin and orchestra by M. Moszkowski. M. Sauret had every reason to be satisfied with his performance—his exquisite touch, his sensitive emotion. It is unfortunate that M. Moszkowski should have had every reason to be ashamed of himself—a point which it is not worth our while to develop. The chief interest of the concert lay in Schumann's magnificent Symphony in C (Op. 61), which was played under Mr. Manns with extraordinary sympathy and finish by his most devoted orchestra.

Everybody knows, of course, the wonderful value and beauty of the work, a work which Schumann himself described as "more or less clad in armour"; and, indeed, it is a composition which, in its way, can only be considered after Beethoven's symphonies. The splendour and independence of its scoring, the loveliness of its occasional melody, belong to Schumann's symphony and to nothing else; and it was even thus that Mr. Manns's orchestra made you feel it. Miss Esther Palliser was the vocalist, and sang with much vigour and some distinction.

Great satisfaction has been caused in Piedmont by the announcement that the notorious brigand chief Colli has been killed in a fight with gendarmes near Biella. This desperate ruffian had committed numberless crimes, including at least four murders. The gendarmes have been hunting him for months past, and finally they ran him to earth in the hills near Biella. He offered a desperate resistance and wounded four gendarmes before he was killed.

The Ministry of Public Works in Egypt has approved of Mr. Garstein's modified scheme for a Nile reservoir at Assouan. It proposes the construction of a dam with a crest 26 ft. lower than that originally intended. This involves a much slower reclamation of the country, but entails the submersion of only a portion of the island of Philæ, containing the smaller monuments—which could be protected by special works—and leaves the other numerous Nubian monuments untouched. There is urgent need for the construction of the proposed reservoir, as the Irrigation Department cannot now supply sufficient water for the needs of cultivators; and if arrangements can be made for the cost, the work will probably be begun with little delay.

THE RECENT SASTROUS FLOODS IN ENGLAND.



Photo by W. G. Hall, Henley-on-Thames.

REGATTA COURSE AT HENLEY: VIEW FROM THE RED LION HOTEL.



Photo by W. G. Hall, Henley-on-Thames.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE AT HENLEY.

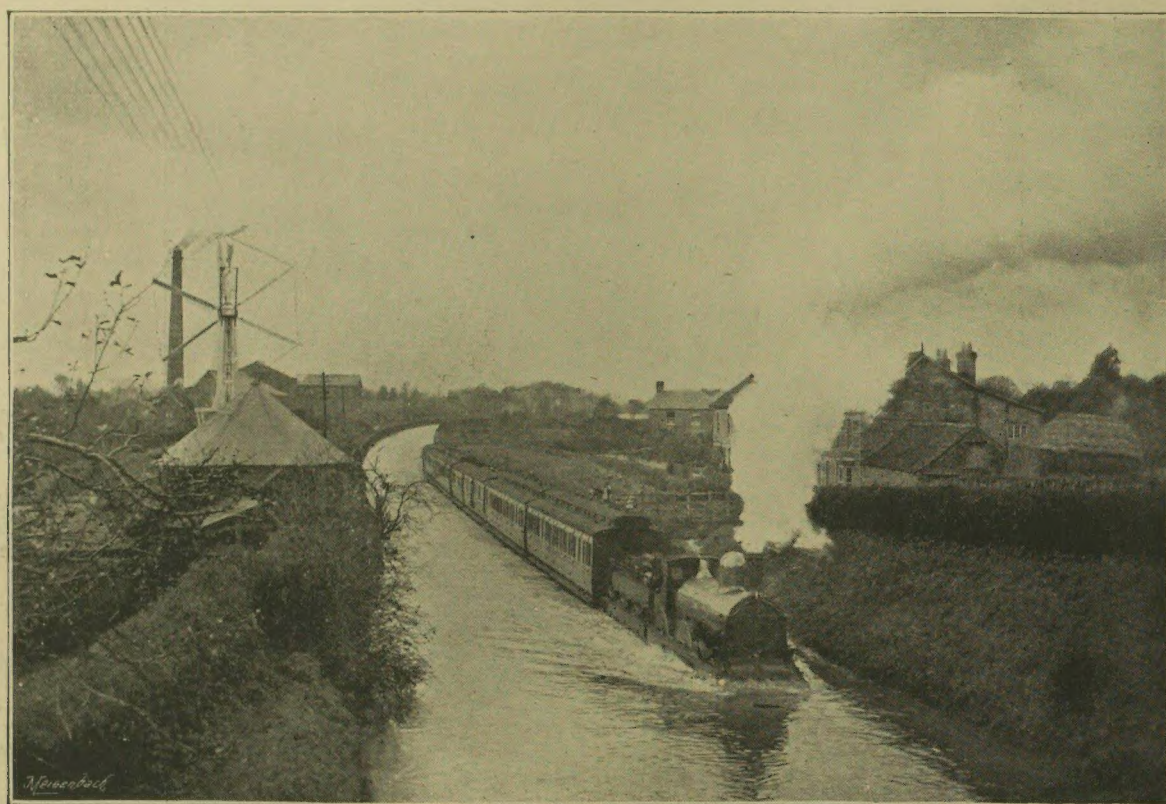


Photo by A. G. Petherick, Taunton.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY FLOODED AT CREECH, NEAR TAUNTON: EXPRESS TRAIN PASSING THROUGH WATER.



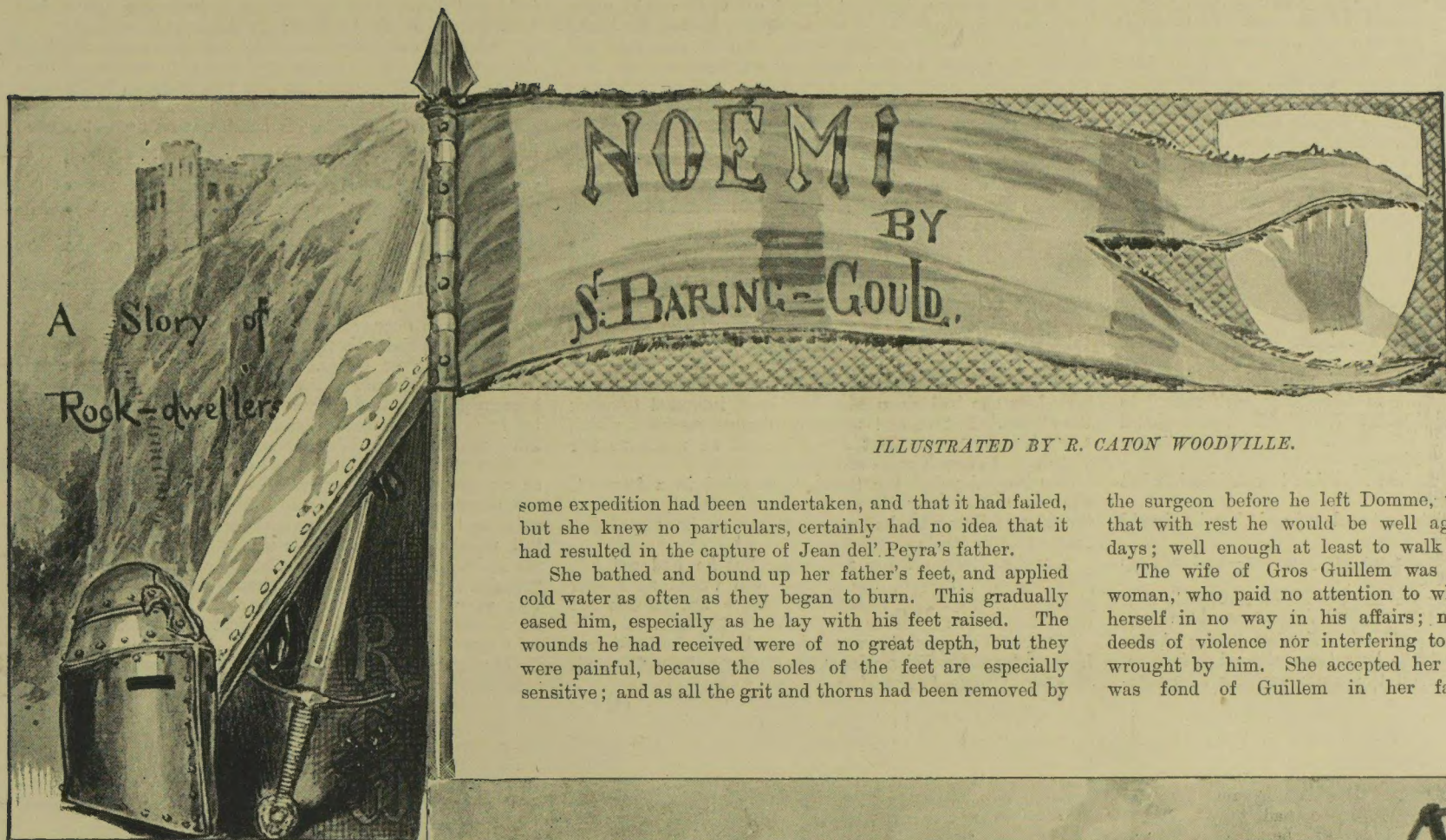
Photo by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

FALLEN HOUSES AND DIVERTED TORRENT AT ST. IVES, CORNWALL.



Photo by W. G. Lewis, Bath.

OLD BRIDGE AND SOUTHGATE STREET, BATH.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

some expedition had been undertaken, and that it had failed, but she knew no particulars, certainly had no idea that it had resulted in the capture of Jean del' Peyra's father.

She bathed and bound up her father's feet, and applied cold water as often as they began to burn. This gradually eased him, especially as he lay with his feet raised. The wounds he had received were of no great depth, but they were painful, because the soles of the feet are especially sensitive; and as all the grit and thorns had been removed by

the surgeon before he left Domme, there was no fear but that with rest he would be well again in a week or ten days; well enough at least to walk a little.

The wife of Gros Guillem was a dreamy, desponding woman, who paid no attention to what he said, interested herself in no way in his affairs; neither stirring him to deeds of violence nor interfering to mitigate the miseries wrought by him. She accepted her position placidly. She was fond of Guillem in her fashion without being

CHAPTER XV.

A THREATENED HORROR.

When Gros Guillem returned to the Castle of Domme, his feet were so swollen that the boots had to be cut off, and his feet swathed in linen.

By his orders, Ogier del' Peyra was thrown into a dungeon for the night. The old Seigneur had been surrounded disarmed, and captured by some of the *routiers* while recovering their horses, which Ogier was endeavouring to prevent by cutting their reins.

As soon as he was taken he knew that his doom was sealed, and he bore the knowledge with his usual stolidity, amounting to indifference. A quiet, plodding, heavy man he had ever been, only notable for his rectitude in the midst of a tortuous generation; he had been roused to energy and almost savagery by circumstances, and, thus roused, had manifested a power and prevision which no one had expected to find in him. Now that all was done that he could do, he slid back into his ordinary quietude. He slept soundly in his prison, for he had greatly excited and tired himself during the day.

"Man can die but once," he said; and the saying was characteristic of the man—it was commonplace. This was, perhaps, less the case when he added, "An honest conscience can look Death in the face without blushing."

Consequently when thrust into his dungeon, he took the blanket ungraciously afforded him, and wrapped it round him, ate his portion of bread, drank a draught of water, signed himself—said the peasant's prayer, common in Quercy and Périgord as in England—

Al let you mé coutsi
Cinq antsels y trobi:
Doux al capt, très as pès,
Et la mayré de Diou al met.*

Then he threw up his feet on the board that was given him for bed, and in five minutes slept and snored.

It was otherwise with Le Gros Guillem. He would tolerate no one near him but his wife and daughter, and they came in for explosions of wrath. The fever caused by pain had inflamed his head: he talked, swore, raged against everyone and all things, and boasted of the example he would make on the morrow of the man who was in his power. Noémi knew that

* Equivalent to our "Four corners to my bed; two angels at my head; two to bottom; two to pray; two to bear my soul away."



"There is none in the world can save him but yourself; the Captain would listen to no one else."

demonstrative, and it was a marvel to everyone how it was that he was so attached to her, and that she had maintained her hold on him through so many years.

It was reported, and the report was true, that the lady had been carried off by Guillem from the Castle of Fénelon. Guillem had retained her, in defiance of the excommunication launched at him by the Bishop of Cahors, and in defiance of the more trenchant and material weapons wielded against him by the Fénelon family, which was powerful in Quercy, and had a fortress on the Dordogne above Domme, and a house and rock castle above La Roque Gageac, side by side with that belonging to the Bishop of Sarlat. In an affray with Guillem's company the husband had been killed; the widow accepted this fact as she had accepted the fact that she had been carried off by violence. She sighed, lamented, pitied herself as a veritable martyr, and acquiesced in being the wife of the man who, though he had not killed her husband with his own hand, had caused his death.

With morning Guillem was easier and his head cooler, but there was no alteration in his resolve with regard to Del' Peyra. He would deal with him in such a signal manner as would from henceforth deter any man from lifting a finger against himself.

In his fever he had racked his brain to consider in what manner he would treat him.

He sent for his lieutenant and ordered that he should himself be carried into the keep.

"And," said he, "bring up the prisoner—and call up the men, into the lower dungeon."

Noémi was walking on the terrace of the castle that same morning; she had been up late, had attended to the fevered man, her father, and now was sauntering in the cool under the shade of the lime-trees, clipped *en berceau*, that occupied the walk on the walls—a walk that commanded the glorious valley of the Dordogne, that wondrous river which flows through some of the most beautiful and wild scenery in Europe, and is also the most neglected by the traveller in quest of beauty and novelty.

At this time she knew something of the events of the previous day. She knew also of the taking and the destruction of l'Eglise Guillem. Twice had the Del' Peyras measured their strength against the redoubted Captain, and twice had they forced him to fly. At the head of raw peasants without rudimentary discipline they had defied and beaten the troopers of a hundred skirmishes. She was not surprised. She had seen Rossignol. Great wrongs wake corresponding forces that must expend themselves on the wrong-doers. It is but a matter of time before the thunder-cloud bursts. Every crime committed sends up its steam to swell the vaporous masses and carries with it the lightning.

Nursed though Noémi had been in an atmosphere of violence, hearing of it as matter for exultation, the ruin of households and homesteads spoken of as a matter of course, she had never been brought face to face with the wreckage till she was shown it at Ste. Soure.

And did she feel anger against the Del' Peyras for having taken up arms to revenge their wrongs? Nothing was more natural; nothing more just where the Crown and law were powerless, than that men should right themselves. She would have despised the Del' Peyras had they sat down under their wrong without any attempt to repay it.

Noémi's nature was a good one, but it was undisciplined. Her mother had allowed her to go her own way. Her father treated her with indulgence, and that precisely where she should have been checked.

In a lawless society she had learned to fear neither God nor the king. Both were too far off. The one in Heaven, the other in England; too distant to rule effectively. A certain perfunctory homage was claimed by both, neither was regarded as exercising any control over men. A feudal service was all that a bandit in those days, or indeed any baron or seigneur, thought of rendering to the Almighty. He would fight in a crusade for Him, he would do knightly homage in church, but he would no more obey the laws of the Christian religion than he would those of the realm of France.

Noémi had seen but little of Jean del' Peyra, and yet that little had surprised her, and had awoke in her thoughts that were to her strange, and yet, though strange, consonant with her instinctive sense of what was right and wrong.

Jean del' Peyra not only surprised her, but occupied her thoughts: she saw, almost for the first time, in him one of a different order from the men with whom she had been thrown. Even her cousins, the Tardes, were akin in mind and consciencelessness to the *roustiers*. What they did that was right was done rather out of blind obedience to instinct, or allegiance to their feudal lord, the Bishop of Sarlat. They were noble, for they had escutcheons over their doors, but all their nobility was external. They were boastful, empty roysterers.

On the other hand, the Del' Peyras were quiet, made no pretence to being more than they were, and were inspired with a moral sense and a regard for their fellow-men.

She saw how far greater was the influence exerted by the old man and his son than was exercised by that remorseless man of war, Guillem, or the braggart Jacques Tardes. Her father controlled men by fear; Ogier del' Peyra moved men by respect. The Captain was a destructive, and only a destructive element. Solely by means of men like the Del' Peyras could human happiness and well-being be built up.

Noémi was a thoughtful girl.

At first, somewhat contemptuously, she had set down Jean del' Peyra as a milksop; from what she had heard, his father was but a country clown. But the country clown and the milksop had revealed in themselves a force, an energy quite unexpected. Noémi laughed as her busy mind worked. She laughed to think of the discomfiture of professional fighting men, accustomed to arms from their youth, by a parcel of inexperienced peasants and charcoal-burners.

She was glad that these oppressed beings had risen. It showed that there was in them a nature above that of rabbits. She had seen a thousand times the holes into which they ran at the glint of a spear-head, at the jangle of a spur. But now they had issued from their holes and had hunted like wolves.

But these poor, ignorant, timid peasants would never have done this had they not been led. It was the moral character, the true nobility of the Del' Peyras that had rallied the people around them, given them courage, and directed their blind impulse of revenge into proper forms of retaliation.

Was the execution of those ten men of her father's band to be accounted a wanton act of cruelty?

Noémi could not admit this. Some such rude administration of justice was rendered necessary by the times. The men who had suffered had merited their death by a hundred deeds of barbarity.

It was as though a spell had fallen on the girl. She was exultant, her heart was bounding with pride, and that because her father and his ruffians had been put to rout by their adversaries.

The girl was unable to explain to herself the reason of this, but, indeed, she did not admit to herself that it was as has been described. Yet she was sensible that some spell was on her. She had proposed to cast one on Jean. That kiss she had given him had been intended to work the charm. But, alack! there are dangerous spells which a witch may weave that affect herself as much as her victim, and of such was even this.

As Noémi paced the terrace, her mind in a ferment, she was accosted by Roger, the good-natured, somewhat impudent fellow who had attended her on her expedition to the Devil's Table.

He had torn off his red cross, but he had not left Domme, nor, indeed, the castle. He would no longer share in an expedition against Ste. Soure, but he was not unwilling to do any other service for the Captain.

He could now exult over his comrades who had returned from such an expedition with diminished numbers; defeated.

He approached the girl and accosted her.

Noémi answered curtly that she did not desire to speak to him. She disliked the forwardness of the man.

"But," said he, "I would save his life—he saved mine."

"Save whom?"

"The Seigneur del' Peyra."

"What of him?"

"He was taken yesterday."

"The Seigneur—taken!"

"And the Captain is now with him—in the dungeon under the keep."

"Doing what?" asked Noémi in breathless alarm.

"There is none in the world can save him but yourself; the Captain would listen to no one else."

"Save him—from what?"

"The *oubliette*."

CHAPTER XVI.

VADE IN PACE.

The thought of undefined horror conveyed by that word "*oubliette*" for a moment held Noémi as though it had paralysed her. But this was for a moment only, and then she bounded in the direction of the keep.

A word must be said as to what an *oubliette* was. In almost every mediæval castle in France and Germany the visitor is shown holes, usually in the floor, that descend to a considerable depth, and which are said to be *oubliettes*—that is to say, places down which prisoners were dropped when it was to the interest of the lord of the castle to sink them in oblivion.

Sometimes these places communicate with a river or a lake, as at Chillon, and this passage is set with irons, presumably to cut in pieces the body of the man cast down it.

In the vast majority of cases these so-called *oubliettes* are nothing but openings connected with the drainage of the castle or else are the well-mouths of cisterns in which the rain-water from the roofs was collected and stored.

Nevertheless, the fact that skeletons have been found in some of the closed subterranean vaults, and that a percentage of them cannot be explained as having been anything else but receptacles for prisoners thrown in, to die a languishing death, and lastly, the historic certainty that some poor wretches have so perished, shows that popular belief is not wholly unfounded. The writer has himself been let down by ropes into one in which four skeletons were entombed, and it is well known that in 1403 one of the Counts of Armagnac so disposed of his cousin, who lingered on thus immured for eight days. The son would have shared his father's fate but that out of horror at the notion of being flung down the well on the corpse of his father, the poor lad dropped dead on the brink.

Moreover, under the title of *vade in pace*, the *oubliette* was used, not in castles only, but in convents as well, and was there introduced by Matthew, Prior of St. Martin des Prés, in Languedoc, in the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Archbishop of Toulouse interfered to forbid the employment of this inhuman mode of execution. A prelate might step in to check the barbarity of a prior, but who was there to hold the hand of a noble?

Noémi saw a cluster of men outside the door that led into the dungeon, and forced her way through them. The dungeon was not large, it would not admit more than a dozen men. It opened on to a platform of rock on the outside of the castle, not into the inner court. Access to it was obtained by a doorway in the basement of the keep, where the wall was ten feet thick. The chamber was vaulted, and only near the middle sufficiently lofty to admit of anyone standing upright in it. There was no window by which light and air could penetrate. When the door was shut, both were excluded. The walls, the floor, the vault were of square-cut limestone.

At the further end, immediately opposite the door was a recess, conchoidal, and in this recess what seemed to be a well. There was a stone step in the floor, and above that a circular coped wall, precisely such as may be seen where there is a well; with this difference, that the orifice was not two feet in diameter, a very inconvenient size for a bucket to pass up or down.

In the dungeon sat Le Gros Guillem on a pallet, with his feet raised and bandaged. Before him, bound, with his hands behind his back, was Ogier del' Peyra, between two jailers. The old man had concluded that his head would be struck off, at the worst that he would be hanged. The sight of the *vade in pace*, and the knowledge that he was

to be cast down alive and left to a lingering agony, had blanched his cheek, but did not make him tremble.

Ogier did not know, he could not guess, the depth of the *oubliette*. But he was aware that such were sometimes not so profound but that he who was flung in broke some of his bones, and thus died of a combination of miseries. Happy he who, falling on his head, was reduced at once to unconsciousness.

"Well, Del' Peyra," cried Guillem, in his harsh tones, rendered harsher by the feverishness and weariness of the past night, "will you not stoop to beg of me your life?"

"It is of no use," answered Ogier.

"Hold the lights, that I may see him!" ordered the Captain.

Two of his men bore torches that emitted as much smoke as light. In the dungeon, darkened by the men crowding the door, artificial illumination was necessary.

"You are right there!" shouted Guillem, in response to the words of Ogier. "I shall not spare your life. But what think you of the mode of death? Come, kneel, kiss my foot—wounded through you; and I may consent to have you hanged instead of thrown down yonder!" He indicated the well-like opening.

The glare of the torches was on Guillem's face as much as on that of his prisoner. He was haggard with pain and mortified pride. He was but half dressed, was in his shirt, and his shirt was open over his red, hairy breast. His tall, polished head shone like copper in the lurid flicker of the links. His great mouth, half open with a grim laugh, revealed the teeth, pointed as though to bite and tear. He was very thin, but muscular, and his limbs were long. As already said, it was but in jest that he was entitled "*Le Gros*."

It may be questioned whether in the heart of a single ruffian present there stirred the smallest emotion of pity for the man who was to be sent to so horrible a fate, for all had been humbled by Ogier, and all angrily resented their humiliation. Moreover, all desired to avenge their ten companions.

"Hold up the light, that I may see how he relishes it!" ordered Guillem, brutally. Then he said: "Pull off his boots, strip him to his shirt."

But immediately he countermanded the order.

"Nay," said he, "leave him his leather belt and boots; he may satisfy his cravings on them. And, Sieur Ogier, when you want more leather, call for my boots. They have been cut to pieces, and are useless to me. They may make a meal for you."

The Captain looked steadily at his victim from under his lowering eyebrows.

"How came you to think of resisting me?" he asked.

Ogier shrugged his shoulders.

"This execution will be noised everywhere," continued Guillem. "I shall take care of that. And then every man will have a wholesome dread of me, and a fear of resisting me."

"Not my son Jean," retorted Ogier.

"Your son Jean comes next," said the Captain, "I shall deal with him presently."

"You must catch him first," said Ogier.

"Take the prisoner to the hole!" shouted Guillem.

Then the two jailers laid their hands on the shoulders of Ogier del' Peyra.

"You need not drag me. I can walk," said the old man.

Those crowding the close and narrow dungeon fell back, as well as they were able, to make a passage for the condemned man.

He was taken to the well-mouth and seated on it, with his face towards the door, through which glimpses of sunlight were visible athwart the heads that filled the opening. Ogier had been divested of his jerkin. He was in his shirt and breeches and boots. As the Captain had bidden that his belt should be left him, this had been refastened about his waist, after that his coat had been removed. In order to divest him of his outer garments it had been necessary for the jailers to remove the handcuffs that had fastened his arms behind his back.

"Cursed smoke!" said Guillem. "We are smothered in the fume. Stand aside all of you and let the fresh air enter, that we may breathe. Harken, Ogier! Will you yet ask life of me?"

At Guillem's command the men had stepped forth and completely cleared the entrance, so that the brilliant sunlight flowed in as well as the pure air. And this light fell directly on the man who was soon to be excluded for ever from it. He was seated on the well-mouth in his white shirt. His face was as grey as the thick hair of his beard. He was conscious that he was looking for the last time at the light. He could see intense blue sky, and one fleecy cloud in it. He could see the green turf, and some yellow tansies standing against a bit of wall in shade, the tansies in full sunlight; and he could see a red admiral butterfly hovering about them. It was marvellous how, with death before him, he could yet distinguish so much. But he looked at everything with a sort of greed, because he saw all these things for the last time. For the first and only moment in his life he saw that a red admiral was beautiful, that the sky was beautiful, the grass beautiful.

"You have not answered me," said Le Gros Guillem, sneering. "Messire Ogier, will you yet ask life of me?"

"If you were in my hands, as I am in yours, would you ask that question?"

Le Gros Guillem paused one moment. Then with an oath—

"No!"

"Nor I of you," said Ogier gravely.

Guillem raised his hands. The fingers were inordinately long and thin. He made a sign to the jailers, one of whom stood back, on each side of Ogier, by the well-mouth, with his hand on a shoulder of the prisoner. Each man, as was customary, had his face covered—that is to say, a black sack was drawn over his head, in which were two holes cut, through which peered the eyes.

"Throw him down!"

At that moment, taking advantage of the avenue made for the admission of air, Noémi rushed in. A couple of men stepped forward to intercept her, but she was too nimble for them; she was within almost as soon as they thought of throwing themselves in her way, and had cast herself upon Ogier and clasped him with her arms.

"Father! Father! It cannot, it shall not be!"

The door was filled again; the men crowded in to see what new turn events would take, whether this intervention would avail.

The jailers desisted as they were raising the old man; they felt that the sight of the execution of the sentence could not be permitted to a young girl. Moreover, she held Del' Peyra fast, and he could not be extricated from her arms without the exercise of force.

"Noémi!" exclaimed Le Gros Guillem, throwing his feet off the pallet, "what is the meaning of this? Why are you here? At once away! Do you hear me?"

"I will not let go! He shall not die! Father, it cannot—it shall not be!"

"Unloose her arms," ordered Guillem, and signed to the men.

Firmly they obeyed. It was in vain that the girl clung, writhed, endeavoured to disengage her arms from their grasp, and clung to the condemned man. They held her like a vice and drew her back from the pit-mouth and interposed their persons between her and the man she was endeavouring to save.

Then, in a paroxysm of horror and pity, Noémi threw herself on her knees before her father and implored him to yield.

"What is Del' Peyra to you?" he asked sternly.

"Nothing—nothing," she gasped. "Oh, father, let him go! let him go!"

quivered, and her eyes were as though fixed hard in their sockets like stones in a setting.

And the sight was one to freeze the blood.

The jailers raised Ogier, who offered no resistance, but fixed his eyes strainingly on a spot of light above a man's head in the doorway.

He was lifted till his feet were above the well, and then he was let down by ropes passed under his arms, slowly, deliberately.

Those holding the torches raised them, and the smoke described cabalistic devices on the roof. The glare was on the sinking man.

He went down below his knees, then his waist disappeared. Involuntarily he put forth his arms to arrest his descent, by gripping the well-breast, but recollected that resistance was in vain, and lowered his arms to his sides.

Then his breast was hidden, then his shoulders went under. For a moment all visible was the ghastly grey face with the glittering eyes, and then—that also was gone.

He uttered no cry, no groan, he went down like a dead man, into profound darkness, into his living tomb.

All was still in the dungeon, save for the labouring breath of those who looked on. The jailers lowered till the ropes became slack. Then they knew the poor wretch was on the floor of the vault below. Each man threw down one end of his rope and drew at the other, even as at

Mr. Buxton Knight's "Wharfedale," and Mr. Standish Hartrick's "Land of the Raiders" are finished pictures which would do honour to any wall. Among the figure-pieces, Mr. Wilson Steer's "Japanese Gown" is a graceful figure, of which the colouring is throughout harmonious, but the same praise cannot be given to Mr. Rothenstein's oddly named "Porphyria," a very commonplace modern lady, whom one would scarcely connect with Browning's tragic story. The largest, but not the most attractive picture is M. Paul Helleu's "Fontaine de Latone," which was exhibited this year at the exhibition of the Champ de Mars. His aim has been to convey an idea of jets of water sparkling in sunlight, but success has not crowned his efforts. Miss Malcolm's portrait of Miss Townsend is too much a reminiscence of Whistler; and M. Blanche's portrait of Mrs. Sickert suggests the idea that features form no part of a lady's face. At the same time, the play of the sunlight through the trees is cleverly rendered.

"Raphael's Madonnas" (George Bell and Sons) will take a prominent place among the gift-books of the season, not only by reason of the attractiveness of the subject but also on account of the temperate and trustworthy tone in which the editor, Herr Karl Károly, speaks of his hero and his works. Of the forty Madonnas reproduced in various ways in this volume, authenticity can be claimed for only twenty-five. With regard to the others, there is



"Hearken, Ogier! Will you yet ask life of me?"

"Twice have you interfered between me and him. Why is that?"

She could not answer his question; she did not attempt to do so. She persisted in her entreaties. In her anguish she caught hold of one of his injured feet and made him cry out with pain.

"Father! If I have ever done anything for you! If you have any love for me—any thought to do what I wish—grant me this. Spare him! Spare him!"

"Never!" answered Le Gros Guillem. Then he waved his long hand and said, "Remove this silly girl."

But when Noémi felt hands laid on her, she leaped to her feet, shook herself free, and said, panting—

"Let be! Do not touch me! I ask his life, no more."

"You do well, child," sneered the Captain. "You then run no more risk of disappointment."

"Yet—if that be denied me, there is one thing I do ask," gasped Noémi.

Her breath came as though she had been running up hill. She put her hands to her head, and held it, till she had recovered sufficiently to proceed.

"There is one thing I do ask," she repeated. "Do not cast him down—let him down gently."

A harsh laugh from Le Gros Guillem.

"You are a silly child, a fool, who know not what you ask. You will prolong his torture, not shorten it—but you shall have your wish. Be it so."

He waved to the jailers.

"Go, child, go!" said he to his daughter.

"I will stay and see it done," she said. "I will not ask another thing."

She stood erect and looked at the old man; her mouth

a funeral the ropes are withdrawn when the dead has been lowered.

In the stillness, Guillem laughed—silently—showing all his fangs, and waving his arm in the direction of the oubliette mouth, and extending his lean fingers said—

"Vade in pace!"

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES.

"New" English Art, as seen at the Dudley Gallery, is rapidly maturing under the influence of public criticism. It is not unlikely that some of the members of the "club" will protest against such a suggestion, but their pictures bear witness to the sobering effect of public opinion. The most striking feature of "New English Art" seems to be the diametrically opposed ideas of its exponents. On the one hand we have strong, uncompromising work, as Mr. C. Furse's portrait of Lord Monteagle, Mr. Rothenstein's "Coster-Girls," and, in a way, Mr. Triant's portrait; and, at the other extreme, we have the vague, idealistic work of M. Charles Conder's "Marine," and, at a wide interval, of Mr. Gabriel von Glehn's "Le Pays de la Légende." Between these there are many gradations, and it must be admitted that since the devotees of New English Art have admitted draughtsmanship to rank among the qualifications for admission to their *cénacle*, the attractions of their exhibition for the general public have been considerably increased. Mr. Sargent's "Sketch" (78) is nothing more than what it is called—exceedingly interesting to a painter who might have wished to catch a special motive of bright sun-blaze; but Mr. Bertram Priestman's "At Work on the Land,"

more or less evidence that they may have been the works of contemporary artists. In addition to the existing authentic pictures, many others are known to have been painted between 1504—when Raphael left Perugino's studio—and 1519, when he painted the San Sisto Madonna, now at Dresden. Of these Herr Károly gives a clear and lucid account, as well as of the other principal events and achievements of Raphael's brief but brilliant career. We have on his own authority that in painting his Madonnas he was inspired by the passing ideal of the moment; and, as we turn over the pages of this volume, it is easy to recognise how frequently the ideal changed, although the sentiment of maternal love always remained as a fixed quantity. Naturally, too, we follow in these pictures the various artistic influences under which Raphael passed—those of Perugino, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Fra Bartolommeo being the most marked. As to the most perfect specimen of Raphael's art, opinions will differ; but the Madonna del Gran Duca (once sold for £4) and the Del Cardellino—both at Florence—the Orleans Madonna, at Chantilly; the Madonna di Casa d'Alba, now at St. Petersburg; the Belle Jardinière, at Paris, and the San Sisto Madonna, at Dresden, very different in thought and style, will be everywhere regarded as ranking among the most lovely of his creations. Naturally legends and stories have attached themselves to many of these pictures, and to these Herr Károly gives fresh currency, leaving to the reader the option of accepting or rejecting them according to his own taste and preference. The book is handsomely got up—and although we might have preferred greater uniformity in the methods of reproduction, it is only fair to say that in each case a good idea of the original is conveyed.



THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER III. LYING IN STATE AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent, writing all the way from Western Australia, sends me an interesting contribution on the subject of the showers of frogs, to which allusion was made in this column in August last. The occasion of my remarks, it may be remembered, was the reported showers of frogs which had descended at St. Helens, Lancashire, and it is gratifying to find that the explanation I then suggested of the phenomenon in question receives confirmation from Australian experiences. My correspondent says that the chief conditions for the bringing about of a shower of frogs are a considerable area of land lying in bare cultivated fallow, rainy weather at about the spring equinox (he writes on Sept 29, when the equinox was near), and a soil of loose sandy nature. In the dry desiccating heat of West Australia which occurs even in early spring and summer, the land surface becomes dry and hard, so that the frog-swarms cannot certainly be housed upon it to their satisfaction. Below the upper soil is clay, which is said to suit the deep-growing vine, which retains moisture, and which, according to my correspondent's ideas, presents the juvenile frog-population with a suitable and moist dwelling-place.

Indeed, in planting his vines on the day he wrote, my correspondent came across swarms of young frogs, a little over an inch long, which must have just passed beyond their tadpole transformations, lying unobserved about an inch or a little more beneath the surface. There they revel in the moisture denied them at the surface of the soil. Now, when a smart shower of rain comes on, the youthful frogs instinctively come up to enjoy the wet from their deeper environment, and appearing thus suddenly on the surface, naturally give rise to the impression that they have descended from the clouds with the rain. I think the "showers of frogs" stories will require no further explanation from me, and it is somewhat gratifying to find that one's theoretical considerations are thus advanced towards the stage of proved fact by such observations as these so lucidly detailed by my Australian correspondent.

He adds in his letter that "it may be interesting for some of your readers to compare dates and localities with me. We are here (Clarestone, York, W.A.) in a latitude corresponding to that of Alexandria; the time is equivalent to the end of your March; yet in my garden, the earlier sorts of vines have abundant shoots eighteen inches long, with fruit-blossoms forming, almost ready to bloom. Orange-trees have young shoots, six inches long, though oddly enough, apples, plums, etc., are just starting into leaf—all out of doors, of course."

In *Nature* two weeks ago Mr. S. S. Buckman published a pretty little photograph of one of his children, ten months old, in the act of progressing on all-fours—a quadrupedal method of progress different from the crawling of infants, and doubtless a survival in us of the mode of locomotion of our ancestral stock. A rich fund of observation is presented to us in the details of infant life and ways, as various philosophers, from Darwin onwards to Dr. Louis Robinson, have proved. Mr. Buckman (who writes, by-the-way, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* on "Babies and Monkeys") tells us he is going to publish a series of photographs in which the instinctive attitudes of infant life, illustrating the evolution of the human stage from its preceding and lower epochs, will be duly figured. The child whose photograph is reproduced in the communication to which I have referred never crawled, but always went on all-fours. Her gait "is front and back legs on opposite sides, like a dog or a cat, not on the same side, like a camel." Mr. Buckman adds that we show a relic of the same ancestral habit in walking when we swing the arm not on the same side as the leg, but on the opposite side.

Mr. Buckman adds, what is, of course, obvious, that "the bandaging, swaddling, carrying, and wheeling about" to which the modern infant has long been subjected must exert a modifying influence on the survivals of ancestral modes of movement. He also holds that the quadrupedal mode of progression indicates greater strength than the ordinary knee-crawl; from which fact mothers should learn the lesson that to allow their babies free and unrestrained play of limb on a mattress or rug, on the nursery floor, and elsewhere, is much more conducive to a typical muscular development than the ordinary system of perpetual coddling in the arms and the constant perambulator trips. If the first requisite for success in life is "to be a fine animal," then we may do many worse and less desirable things than encourage the infant's development by allowing free rein to the instinctive movements whereby its muscles are exercised according to the natural rules of the child's being.

The old Scotch proverb that "we must creep before we gang" really expresses the great scientific fact that the infant, being nearer the ancestral type than the adult, should show forth the survivals of that type which form the foundations on which the human traits, as distinct from those of lower life, are built up. The curves of the spine, admittedly a very human feature, thus develop late in infancy when the erect posture is exchanged for that of the quadrupedal creep. That which is human evolves out of that which at first is purely animal; and here and there, even in our own adult state, remain bits of the old and common scaffolding of mammalian life whereon the human type is really founded. But if we are thus the children of the lower past, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, there is the greater glory in remembering that we have inherited the higher life, with all its responsibilities and all its privileges and joys.

May I once again enter a plea on behalf of the book-stall boy? Some years ago I drew attention in this column to the absolute deformity of the spine (and necessarily of the body at large) induced in the frames of young and growing boys by the pressure of a heavy basket of books carried and supported by a strap slung round the shoulders. As often as not this strap and basket are slung round to relieve the pressure, and the boy's one shoulder is depressed, while his spine is at the same time twisted in a very direct fashion. It cannot be a right and proper thing to deform the elastic skeleton of growing boys, and I appeal to those in power to see that some reform in the boy's load and in the manner of carrying it is inaugurated.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E C UTHOFF (Queensland).—Your solution is correct, and is acknowledged below. The difficulties you mention were creditably overcome, and we hope to receive fuller solutions from you.

D A LOMER (Buenos Ayres).—Nos. 2633 and 2634 are correctly solved; No. 2632 is very nearly so, but the Rook is moved to the wrong square. These results are very good for a first attempt. Staunton's "Handbook," although old-fashioned, is as good as anything for your purpose.

A CONSTANT READER.—Yes, you must move your King. Intention is not recognised in chess law.

R H BROOKS.—If Black play 28. Q to Q 7th (ch), the reply is 29. K to R 3rd, and Black is no better off than before.

W R B, E J SHARPE, SORRENTO, AND OTHERS.—We regret that Problem No. 2641 has no solution, but thank our correspondents for their courteous and painstaking demonstration of the fact.

ANOTHER CONSTANT READER (Taignton).—In the solution we printed it was shown how mate was given in three moves if Black did play K to K 4th. Please refer to that.

C W (Sunbury).—Kindly send us another copy of your problem.

REV. W E T.—Problem B is an impossible position, and that marked C has another solution by 1. B to Kt 2nd (ch), K to B 4th; 2. Q to K Kt 7th, etc. If K to Q 4th, 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2627 received from **E C Uthoff** (Queensland); of No. 2633 from **D A Lomer** (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2634 from **D A Lomer** and **D R V Sastry** (Mysore); of No. 2635 from **D R V Sastry** (Mysore); of No. 2637 from **E C M M** (Northampton); of No. 2639 from **E Arthur** (Exmouth), **E C M M**, and **A C Church**; of No. 2640 from **Captain J A Challice** (Great Yarmouth), **A Church**, **M A Eyre** (Boulogne), **W E Thompson**, **J Bailey** (Newark), and **R Worters** (Canterbury).

The following have sent the author's solution of Problem No. 2641: **J W Scott** (Newark), **Sorrento**, **Admiral Brandreth**, **C D** (Camberwell), **Alpha**, **H B Hurford**, **Nigel**, **Mrs. Wilson** (Plymouth), **J Coad**, **R H Brooks**, **A H B, W R Raillem**, **E J F B** (Clifton), **C E Perugini**, **Frank Davies** (Newcastle Emlyn), **Dr. F St. Martin**, **F C M A B, W R B** (Clifton), **R Worters** (Canterbury), **J Dixon**, **Hereward**, **W D A Barnard** (Uppingham), **J T Blakemore** (Edgbaston), **H S Brandreth**, **E E H, Edward J Sharpe**, **A C Smith**, **W Wright**, **Shadforth**, and **Ubique**.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2640.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 3rd
2. Kt to B 4th
3. Q mates

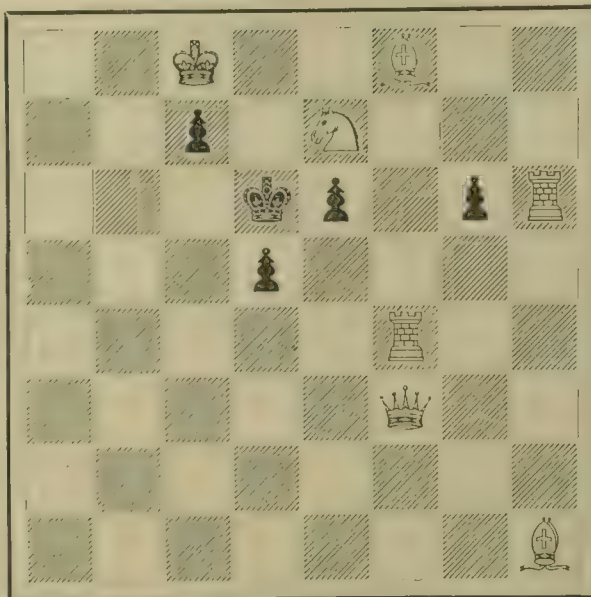
BLACK.
K to B 3rd or Q 3rd
Any move

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. Kt to B 4th, K moves; 3. Q to Kt 6th or Kt 2nd. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2643.

By the Rev. A. W. S. A. Row.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEWCASTLE.

Game played between Messrs. L. ZOLLNER and G. C. HEYWOOD.

(Scotch Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. Z.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) | WHITE (Mr. Z.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) |
|--|----------------|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 15. K R to K sq | Q takes K P is met by Q R to Kt sq. |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 16. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 3. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 17. Q R to Q sq | P to Q 5th |
| 4. Kt takes P | B to B 4th | 18. P takes P | Q takes P |
| 5. B to K 3rd | Q to B 3rd | 19. Kt to Kt 5th | R takes R (ch) |
| 6. P to Q B 3rd | K Kt to K 2nd | 20. R takes R | Q to Q 7th |
| 7. B to K 2nd | | 21. R to Q sq | R to K sq |
| This move was favoured by Zukertort, but B to Q Kt 5th, first played by Paulsen, is equally popular. | | | |
| 8. Castles. | | 22. K to B sq | B to Q 6th (ch) |
| P to Q 4th is perhaps stronger. | | 23. Q takes B | R to K 8th (ch) |
| 9. Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt | 24. R takes R | Q takes Q (ch) |
| 10. P takes P | Kt takes P | 25. K to Kt sq | Q takes Kt |
| 11. B takes B | Q takes B | | |
| 12. Kt to B 3rd | B to B 4th | | |
| 13. Q to Kt 3rd | K R to K sq | | |
| 14. B to B 3rd | P to Q B 3rd | | |

White resigns.

The Knights and Kings of Chess. By the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell, B.A. (Horace Cox, London).—Contemporary chess in England is indeed fortunate in a chronicler so well fitted for his work as the author of this lively volume. In the scenes he depicts he has been a prominent actor; his jaunty good-humour has made him the friend of all sides of rival interests; and his keen observation has been directed to the stronger and better aspects of human character. Hence his sketches are distinguished by their thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject, and while admirably true, are spiced with epigram that leaves no sting, and coloured with personalities that give no offence. Occasionally, by a singular power of his pen, not merely a man's features but the very tone of his voice is recalled by a reader familiar with them, and the yearnings for a touch of the vanished hand can be in consequence scarcely restrained. But the predominant note is gay and pleasant, and if we dared venture any criticism on the excellent portrait of the author by Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., which forms the frontispiece, it would be that we know nothing of Mr. MacDonnell—not even his countenance—in which fun does not lurk in every corner. The book ought to be a great success, and we are pleased to see it dedicated to two such distinguished scholars as Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Lewis, of Cambridge.

An interesting match was played on Nov. 10 at Dundee between the celebrated club of that town and Perthshire, when for the first time out of many efforts the county proved victorious, with a score of 17 against 15.

In the London League competitions the Athenæum defeated the North London Club in Division A, and the Hornsey defeated the Thornton Heath Club in Division C.

Mr. Blackburne met with great success in his Scotch tour, only losing two games out of over one hundred played. He is now visiting Newcastle, and will then proceed for a short time to the Midlands, paying a longer visit after a rest at his home in Hastings.

The merits of the harmless, very necessary typewriter have been appreciated by our royal family, who are enthusiastic in their praise. Within the past few days both her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have granted warrants of appointment to the manufacturers of the Remington typewriter.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir Francis Jeune has decided an amusing and important point about the rights of a married woman in regard to jewellery given to her by her husband. We all know that till 1870—and in large measure till 1882—a married woman was (like an outlaw) positively unable to own anything; all she had was her husband's, all she earned or inherited or received by gift was his to deal with as he chose. But now that is altered, and a married woman, in the words of the Act of 1882, is "capable of acquiring, holding and disposing of any real or personal property as her separate property as if she were a *femme sole*"—a single woman. The point that has just come up is whether, in these modern circumstances, jewellery given by a husband to his wife is absolutely hers, so that she may sell it or take it away with her if she leave her husband. The learned judge's view seems eminently just and reasonable. He rules that in any case of dispute on the point the first thing to decide is whether the ornaments were attached to the lady's position as her husband's wife ("paraphernalia" in legal parlance) or were intended as personal gifts. In the former case she has only the use of them, in the latter she has the absolute property. In any given case the judge must decide under which head particular articles should fairly come; but Sir F. Jeune goes so far as to lay down one rule: that ornaments given as peace-offerings, or to seal a reconciliation after quarrel, are not "paraphernalia," but true gifts. This is a nice idea. The ancient Romans had superstitions about the meaning and influence of all gems; and of diamonds they said that a gift of these beautiful stones had the quality of healing dissension between friends—which always strikes me as a superstition with a good broad basis of sound common-sense! But if, after you were induced to kiss and be friends by the dazzling influence and the mystic power residing in a diamond brooch, the giver could reclaim the miracle-working precious stones, it would hardly be Fair Trade. On the other hand, no wife ought to be able to dispose for her own interest of family jewels. She is no more than a tenant for life.

Christmas is near at hand, and the really wonderful display of toys and other articles suitable for gifts for that season is already set out at Peter Robinson's world-famous establishment at Oxford Circus. Happy indeed will be the children allowed to walk through the great Christmas bazaar, winding up with permission to select a present from the embarrassment of riches there spread forth. Many of the things are extraordinarily cheap. There is a whole counter of articles at a shilling and under, such as humming-tops, puzzles, and so on, most of which have in past times been more than double the money. A particularly attractive little present for a young girl is a really practical and useful pair of opera-glasses, enclosed in a plush bag with silk cord draw-strings, all complete for five-and-sixpence. The stock of mechanical toys, again, is most amusing and complete, ranging from the little brown cow who utters a musical "moo" when her head is pushed on one side, up to the elaborate and expensive toys to which the marvels of the phonograph are fitted. There is a cage of singing birds which flap their wings and give forth the melodious song caught from the lips of their living prototypes. There are dolls who will sing you an air through as sweetly and correctly as any concert-room performer. A simpler toy of the moving order is a most horridly natural frog, with a tube and a squeezable ball, by which air is pumped into the figure; it takes a header into a bowl of water and swims about, moving legs and opening mouth in the most absurdly life-like fashion. Squadrons of soldiers, processions of firemen, boats and their crews, naval or civilian, dolls with their trousseaux, and their residences, their kitchen tools really fit for use or only in miniature, their "practical" baths, and their perambulators for their promenades—all these kinds of toys are shown in serried ranks. There are animals of every variety and size, from the tiny kitten to the almost life-size donkey; rocking-horses on which an amiable brother can ride two smaller children in safe seats, conjuring tricks in boxes, Punch and Judy in many sizes—in fact, there is no toy or game, in or outdoor, that is not here and in plenty, and all, according to quality, wonderfully cheap, because of the large quantities that Peter Robinson's buy and the reductions that they thus obtain, of which they give customers the benefit. There are many varieties of presents for ladies also. The framed prints, the embroidered screens, the finely decorative French enamel work (in which some lamps with onyx stems and enamel bases are particularly charming), the silk and other blouses of which this house makes quite a specialty, the little chiffon and lace ties and fichus, the dozens of gloves or handkerchiefs—what taste would not be suited here?

Presents from a lady to her gentlemen relatives are not so easily found, but for a man who smokes, a capital present



is such a one as the set just beautifully executed by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street and 66, Cheapside, on the order of Lady Auckland, who presented the articles to her brother on his coming of age on Nov. 17. They are a cigar-case, a cigarette-case, a tobacco-box, and a match-box, all in solid silver, with crest, name, and date worked in 18-carat gold on each. As they lay in their morocco case they looked a splendid sisterly gift.

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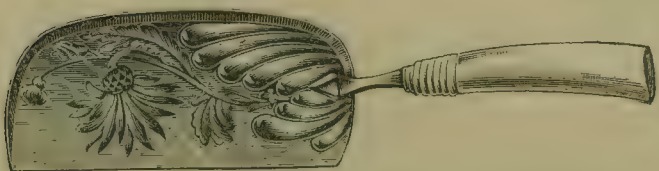
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Prince's Plate, £4. Sterling Silver, £18.



Handsomely Fluted "Queen Anne" Afternoon Tea-Set
in Prince's Plate, £4 5s.; Sterling Silver, £6 10s.



Sterling Silver Child's Mug,
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Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with
richly chased Panels, 4½ in. high
by 2½ in. square, £3.



Beautifully Saw-pierced and Engraved
Grape-Scissors.
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1887), with two codicils (dated April 12, 1889, and Jan. 26, 1894), of Mr. Charles Edward Lees, J.P., of Werneth Park, Oldham, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 11, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Oct. 27 by Mrs. Sarah Anne Lees, the widow, and Edward Trustram, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £852,000. The testator gives £500, and his wines and consumable stores, horses, and carriages to his wife; his residence, with the pictures, works of art, plate, books, furniture, and articles of household and domestic use and ornament to his wife, for life; £150 to his executor, Mr. Trustram; and £5000 to Hannah Buckley, John Frederick Buckley, Harriet Buckley, Florence Buckley, and Annie Buckley, the widow and children of his brother-in-law, Frederick Buckley. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one third to his wife, for life, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1892) of Mr. Vandeleur Benjamin Crake, J.P., of The Highlands, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Oct. 29 by William Vandeleur Crake and Major Edward Barrington Crake, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his son William Vandeleur; a carriage and a pair of horses and his consumable household stores to his wife, Mrs. Mary Beddingfield Crake; his residence, The Highlands, with the furniture and effects, to his wife for life, she paying to his estate £150 per annum for the same; and £100 to his daughter, as a token of affection. He does not make any other provision for his wife and daughter, as they are already amply provided for. The residue of his property he gives to his said two sons equally.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1890) of Sir Rupert Alfred Kettle, Kt., Judge of County Courts, of Merridale, Wolverhampton, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 6 by Rupert Edward Cooke Kettle and William Cooke Kettle, the sons, and Thomas Berwick Cope, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator desires that his portrait by Holl presented to his wife by the officers of his Circuit Courts, the etched plate of same by Slocombe presented to him by the practitioners on his circuit, and the addresses, plate, and other testimonials presented to him for his public services in connection with the establishment of trade arbitration, may be made heirlooms in his family, to pass in perpetuity; and there are some specific bequests to children. The residue of his property he leaves equally between his nine children and his son-in-law Mr. T. B. Cope.

The will (dated April 29, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Beaven Rake, of Fordingbridge, in the county of Southampton, surgeon, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Oct. 29 by Robert Horne Penney, and Aubrey William Rake, Herbert Vaughan Rake, Sidney Beaven Rake, and Alfred Theodore

Rake, F.R.C.S., the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. There are numerous devises and bequests to children, grandchildren, daughter-in-law, brother, nephews, nieces, cousin, and servants. The residue of his property the testator leaves to his children Beaven Neave, Aubrey William, Herbert Vaughan, Sidney Beaven, Alfred Theodore, Aimée Constance, and Beatrice, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1884), with two codicils (dated Jan. 5 and Dec. 23, 1893), of Miss Mary Charlotte Cook, of 31, Gresham Road, Brixton Road, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Oct. 27 by Joseph Marsland and Henry Leonard Larke, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testatrix gives £50 each to her executors; all her freehold ground rents and other freehold and real estate to her nephew Joseph Marsland; £500 to her nephew Henry Leonard Larke; and £100 each to the six children of her brother, John Hooper Cook. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to her said brother and her sister, Wilhelmina Jane Larke, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1893) of Mr. Robert Mellor, J.P., of Higher House, Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, who died on July 30, was proved on Nov. 8 by William Edwin Mellor and John Francis Mellor, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator, after making provision for his daughter, Mary Alice, gives the residue of his estate to his said two sons.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1893) of Mrs. Georgiana Mary Marriott, of The Boynes, Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire, who died on July 31, was proved on Oct. 5 by Major-General William Noel Waller, the brother, Colonel Robert Carstairs Drysdale, and Andrew Alfred Collyer-Bristow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 upon trust for Colonel R. C. Drysdale for life, and then for her nieces and nephew, Margaret, Helen, Dorothy, and Robert Drysdale, the children of Colonel Drysdale and her late sister Elizabeth Drysdale; £1000 each to her nieces Georgiana Mary Harriet Boudier and Mary Caroline Waller; and other legacies. She directs the residue of her real and personal estate to be held on trusts corresponding with the uses limited of the Farmington estate, Gloucestershire, by the codicil to the will of her father, Harry Edmund Waller, after the life estate of her brother Edmund Waller.

The will and three codicils of Admiral Arthur Mellersh, C.B., of 43, Ventnor Villas, Hove, who died on Sept. 23, were proved on Nov. 7 by Arthur Mellersh and John George Mellersh, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3250.

The will of Miss Frances Caroline Elphinstone Goldsmid, of 55, Perham Road, West Kensington, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Nov. 9 by Colonel Albert Edward Williamson Goldsmid, and Frederick Lestock Goldsmid, the brothers, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7373.

OBITUARY.

SIR FREDERICK HEYGATE.

Sir Frederick William Heygate, of Southend, in the county of Londonderry, second Baronet, died on Nov. 14. He was the son of Sir William Heygate (who filled the office of Lord Mayor of London in 1822) and was born Sept. 4, 1822, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1844, and married seven years later Marianne, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Conolly Gage, of Bellarena, Londonderry. Sir Frederick represented in the Conservative interest the county of Londonderry in Parliament from 1859 to 1874. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Frederick Gage Heygate, who was born Aug. 23, 1854. The new Baronet married, in 1888, Flora, daughter of the late Mr. John Walter, of Bearwood, Berks. He was formerly private secretary to Viscount Cross and also to the late Colonel King-Harman.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

Caroline Agnes, Dowager Duchess of Montrose, died on Nov. 16, aged seventy-six. She was the youngest daughter of the second Lord Decies. She married first, in 1836, the fourth Duke of Montrose, who died in 1874; secondly, Mr. Stirling-Crawford, who died in 1883; and thirdly, in 1888, Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, who survives her. She was much interested in horse-racing, running her horses under the pseudonym of "Mr. Manton."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Canon Prothero, Sub-Dean of Westminster and Rector of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, on Nov. 16. He had been a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty since 1866.

Lady Caroline Margaret Courtenay, widow of the recently deceased Canon Courtenay, on Nov. 14, aged seventy-seven.

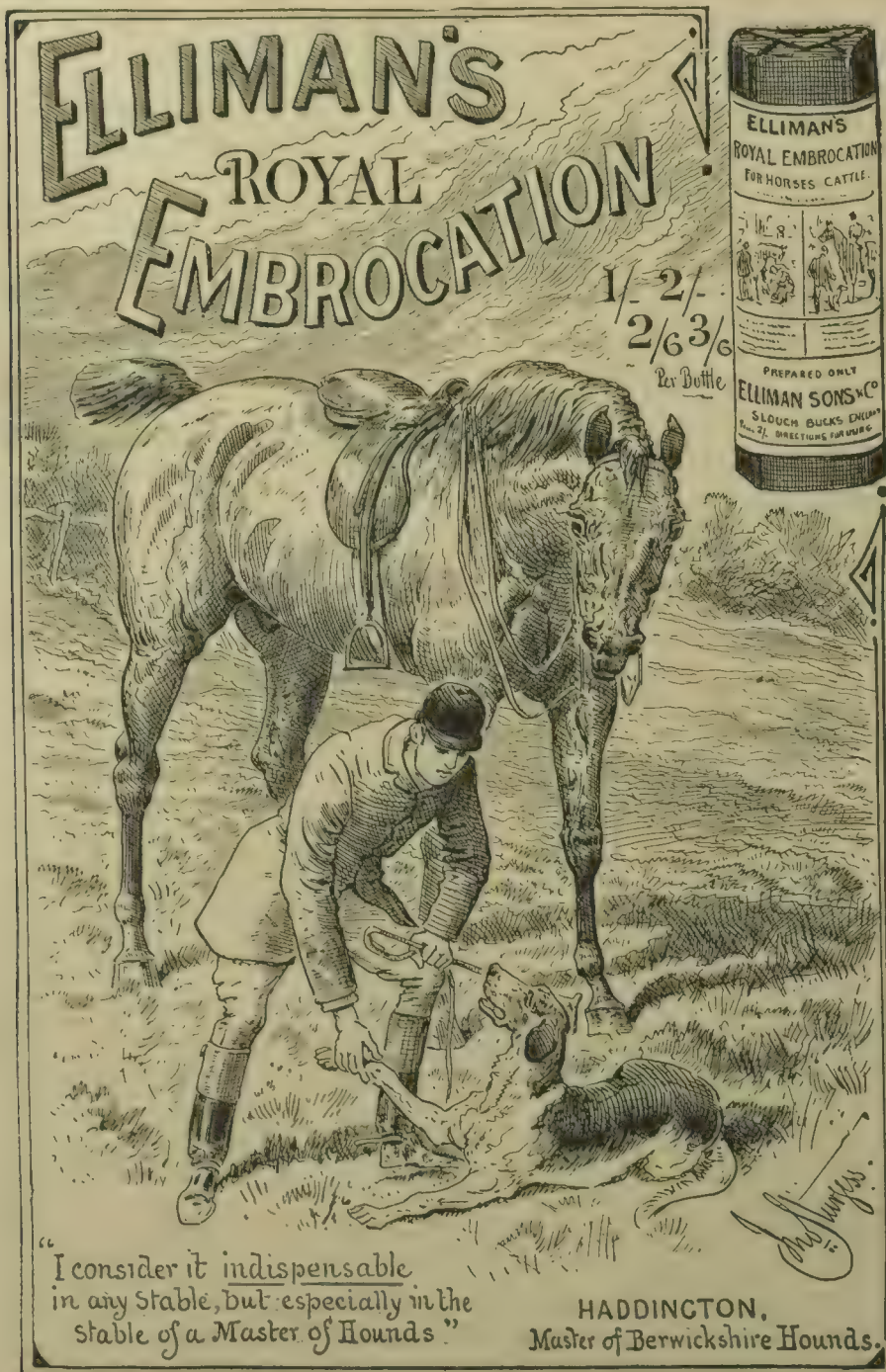
Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Thomas Matthew Charles Symonds, to whose death, on Nov. 14, allusion is made on another page.

Dr. James McCosh, whose philosophical works were well known in this country as well as in the United States, on Nov. 16, aged eighty-three. He was formerly President of Princeton College, New Jersey.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the American orator and statesman, on Nov. 15, aged eighty-five.

Princess Claudine of Teck, sister of the Duke of Teck, suddenly at Gratz, on Nov. 17. She was born in 1836, and was one year older than the Duke of Teck.

Surgeon-General John Fraser, one of the Queen's honorary physicians, on Nov. 14, aged seventy-five. He was in the Army Medical Service, from which he retired in 1879. He served through the Crimea, and was senior officer under Sir Hope Grant in Oude, after which he was created a Commander of the Bath.



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DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Two or three times in my life have I kept a tortoise. No! That is an exaggeration. I have never succeeded in keeping one; he never would stay. He crawled about fitfully, for the most part hiding himself from human eyes, till the autumn drew on, then he vanished and never appeared again. The last tortoise I had I bought out of a large tray of tortoises in Croton market. He was a fraud. I put him in my garden, and he was no more seen—not a vestige of him ever turned up again. Yet it was in the month of June, when, if ever, tortoises ought to be lively and gay. I suppose he was too gay, and finding himself at liberty he started upon his *Wanderjahr*, and continued roaming till he fell asleep, famished and lonely. I had arrived at the conviction that, as a class, tortoises were uninteresting creatures, when, as summer was fainting away in the arms of autumn this year, I went to visit my kinsfolk in Devon, and lo! to my unspeakable amazement, I made the acquaintance of a tortoise who answered to his name and who came when he was called.

Life is full of mysteries, but among the most unfathomable of those mysteries is the strange power that some men have over the lower animals. Have I not seen with my own eyes a lumbering, coarse lout of eighteen, whom all the laws on the Statute Book could not deter from rambling in the copses by day and poaching obstinately by night—have I not seen him with a full-grown stoat in his breeches pocket, which he handled as carelessly as if it had been a bunch of tow! I would not have had that stoat in my breeches pockets for ten minutes at the price of one thousand pounds sterling. The fierce little devil would have burrowed into my bowels in five seconds and left me a mangled corpse. Yet "the varmint," as his owner called him, was on terms of the most affectionate intimacy with this lout of a lad—though the acquaintance between the two was not of a week's standing; but I never heard of or saw a tame tortoise till the other day, and his name is David.

The Lady Laura is my cousin, and if I choose to give her brevet rank who shall hinder me? She is sweet to look at, gentle and good—the very ideal of what an English lady should be. "She must have been very lovely sixty years ago," said one to me, and I made reply "She couldn't have been as beautiful as now!" All her life she has been a tamer of birds and dogs and horses, and it has all been effected by infinite gentleness, infinite patience, an almost entire absence of fear, perfect health and a full measure of physical strength and brain power, a vivacious manner, and a temper always under control; if, indeed, it could be conceived that she ever "lost her temper," as the phrase is, or ever discovered that she had one.

The Lady Laura lives in a cottage, with a garden in front of the house and another behind; and with her live her daughter and her servants. They form a quiet, happy household, and they find their joy in the round of their domestic duties. It is a life which may be called *Idyllic*. Five years ago David appeared upon the scene. He was young then, very inexperienced, and of small proportions—say, four inches across. The Lady Laura resolved

she would win his confidence, improve his manners, develop his intellect, and give him a first-rate education. Every day during that first summer he was looked after, and not allowed to go his own way. Half-a-dozen times every morning he was called by his name and bribed with a lettuce-leaf or some other favourite vegetable. In the midst of a meal he had his food taken from him and only restored when he moved in answer to the sound of his name. As the summer began to wane David had begun to exhibit some intelligence; at any rate, to this extent—that as the noontide was drawing on he would appear at the drawing-room windows waiting for his lettuce, and feebly notice the Lady Laura only, stolidly hiding his diminished head when anyone else ventured to address him with unbecoming familiarity. In October he ceased to feed, and began to hide himself. Then he set himself to burrow, slowly working away as a mole does, until he had gone below stairs, as you may say; and being covered over with soil, and apparently nothing else, he fell asleep and woke no more, and never came to any call. In April next year he appeared one sunny morning at his old place quietly waiting. His mistress opened the windows softly and called the creature loudly by his name. David put forth his head, looked out, peered round, and seemed to be asking for food. It was evident that he had not forgotten his name. After this the second year's training began. Before the second summer was ended David not only came whenever his name was called, but he had begun to exhibit something like personal attachment for his mistress, and to follow her about the garden. Before the second summer was ended he was looked upon as having arrived at years of discretion, and they gave him his liberty without watching him as much as heretofore. Next year his education appeared to be complete. He would frequently wander into the drawing-room, climbing queerly over the sill of the French windows, and usually finding his way to his mistress's feet, who was never tired of calling him David. It was clear that the sound of her voice exercised a certain fascination upon him; it was pleasant music to his rudimentary ears.

But people will be so officious! One day a well-meaning person brought a second tortoise as an offering to the Lady Laura, and as it was a four-footed thing, and so incapable of talking nonsense or gossip, it was accepted as a welcome accession to the small menagerie. Of course, it was turned loose in the front garden. What do you suppose was the effect upon David? David ran away!

It was in the dog days. There could be no thought of David burying himself at such a time. Moreover, he had increased so much in bulk that he was more than double the size he had been when first he appeared on the scene; he could not so easily be hidden now. But he had run away. There could be no doubt about it. There was sadness and lamentation, and much calling for David, but David had run away. Later in the evening, as the sun was going down, a young man from the village, five hundred yards off, brought the tidings that the truant might be recovered and brought back by anyone who had the courage to pick him up and carry him off; as for himself, he had a

superstitious horror of poisonous reptiles, and touch him he would not, "if it was ever so."

David was restored to the bosom of his family! But next morning there came a new surprise. The second tortoise had been promptly named Jonathan, in the confident hope that a firm friendship would be cemented between the two *Chersians*, and David and Jonathan were introduced to one another in form. Then Jonathan slowly walked off, and David followed him. I regret to say that he hissed at the interloper; he positively jeered at him, as who should say, "What have I to do with thee?"

An hour later there were strange sounds, as of one tapping at a nail. They went out to see what it was all about, and lo! there was David pounding at Jonathan after a fashion which few human eyes have seen in this island. Jonathan was far the smaller and weaker of the two, and David was evidently bent on driving him off the premises. It was a deadly fight, and there could be little doubt as to what the issue would be. David had a method of his own. He got himself abreast of his smaller rival, then with a sort of a spring—think of a jumping tortoise!—he drew in his head, and at the same moment butted fiercely at little Jonathan with a bang, doing his best to turn him over, but only succeeding in dreadfully shaking his interior. In a minute or so came a second assault, and then a third, and how it would have ended none can say, for at this point the mistress of the garden intervened, and the battle was brought to a close.

Since that day David and Jonathan have managed to live together with only an occasional fight. But they are not friends. No! they are not friends. Jonathan seems to be a stupid tortoise; will not answer to his name, is timid, solitary in his habits, accepts the lower position which alone he is able to occupy; he never presumes to creep up into the drawing-room frequented by David when the whim takes him, and he keeps away from the favourite haunt of his superior congener. In fact, he is sad and cowed. But even Jonathan is beginning to exhibit signs of a kind of embryonic intelligence. He is young and inexperienced as yet; but my gentle cousin will tame him too some day. Even he will come to her at last, for she is too patient and too fascinating to be other than irresistible. Nevertheless, I have some misgivings; I cannot but think that Jonathan is not a name to which even an intelligent tortoise would ever respond with alacrity. It is a dull and deadening sound to most ears, like the boom of a big cannon. Whereas those sharp dentals, one at the beginning the other at the end of "David" would appeal to the tympanum of any living thing that has the ghost of an ear. Whether a tortoise has a tympanum I am not, however, in a position to decide.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

The Norwegian steamer *Stjernen*, in which Captain Wiggins was exploring the Arctic Sea north of Siberia, has been wrecked in the Jugor Shar Straits; but all the persons on board, to the number of about fifty, are believed to be safe, and a steamer has been sent to bring them home.

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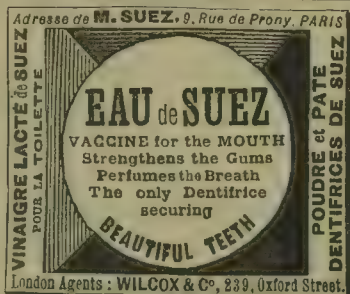
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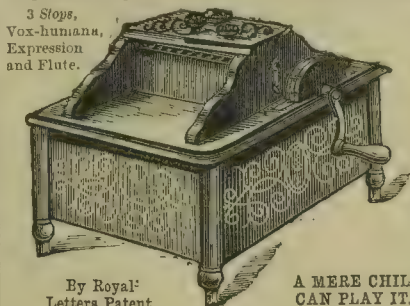
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Again and again I have noticed that our managers and directors of public entertainment, with very rare exceptions, never initiate a policy. Their great art is to follow one another like sheep through a gap in the hedge. They do not guide public opinion, but when they think they have got an inkling of it they go on hammering at the same plan until the public gets sick to death of it before the appointed time. Thus we have waves of Shakspeare occasionally, waves of romantic drama, waves of domestic drama, waves of farcical comedy, each manager tripping up the other or jostling over his heels. We were told the other day by our guides, philosophers, and friends that the stage was too goody-goody, conventional, unreal, and commonplace. The new critics and the youngest writers who cultivate so successfully the modern art of personality, rudeness, and what they are pleased to call cynicism, rushed in to save the stage from desperate dullness and stereotyped formulas. They did not know, poor fellows—how should they?—that history was merely repeating itself. After sudden reform comes reaction. In time we get as heartily sick of the reform as we were of the original convention.

When we come seriously to think about it, in how

short a space of time have our clever dramatists exhausted our patience with the New Woman and the heroine with a past! She has been done to death, cooked to a cinder already. The protesters against the unnatural in life have become more conventional, more stagey, more commonplace than those whose seats were vacated for them. Oh, dear me! That woman with the past, how irritating she has become! We see the secret stamped on her miserable face. She is either irredeemably bad, defiantly wicked, aggressively vile, or she has come to the whining, the penitential, or the blackmailing stage. But the secret is there. Her mother may have been the most degraded creature on earth, and she has possibly followed in her mother's footsteps. Heredity may be her excuse, or the influence of bad companions. Sometimes her original sin was the gambling-shop; sometimes a worse gilded saloon than that. But the past, the rejected past, the discarded lover, the man who loved and rode away, hover about the stage like black shadows. Then it is that we are bound to be worried once more with the eternal problem, when is the new husband, or the new lover, or the new protector to be told? Is he to be told after marriage or before marriage, or not to be told at all? Who is to be entrusted with this dreadful confidence? Is it to be grandfather, father, or son, the mother or the grandmother? On these changes the modern dramatists ring until they madden and deafen

their audiences. You see, it would not matter so much if these problems, as they are called, were reserved for deep thinkers and great artists. They are safe in the hands of a Thomas Hardy or a Pinero. But the mischief comes when the other less observant sheep leap through the hedge after the bell-wether. They catch their fleecy in the brambles, and fine subjects, interesting problems, and curious experiences of life become hackneyed or wearisome or simply nonsensical. I honestly believe that if another dramatist, young or old, experienced or the contrary, observant or dull, came before us with another drama containing a woman with a past who unburdened her guilty soul in the third act, she would be laughed at as much as was the old Adelphi village rose and the once-admired Adelphi villains. The past-dated woman has ceased to be up to date. She is played out already. Why not for a change have a man with a past? Why should all the poor women be so desperately bad and put upon, and the men so phenomenally excellent? For my own part I want to hear sometimes on the stage that a woman is what I believe her to be in the abstract—a noble and unselfish work of God!—I deny it is pandering to stage conventionality to make the heroine of dramatic or any other life women of good intention and honest heart. There are bad women as there are good women, bad men as well as good men; but the good women are the vast majority, and it is beginning to get a

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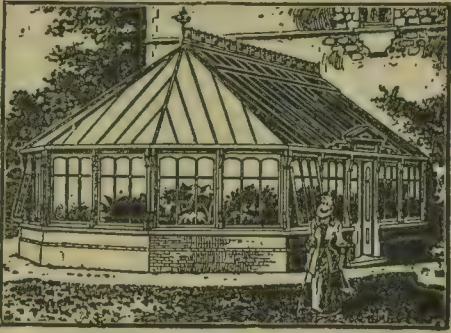
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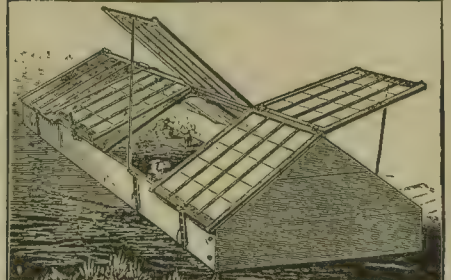
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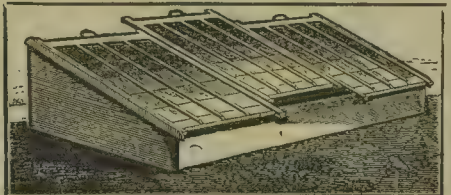
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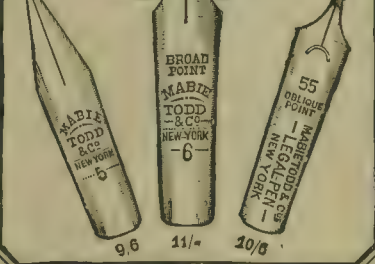


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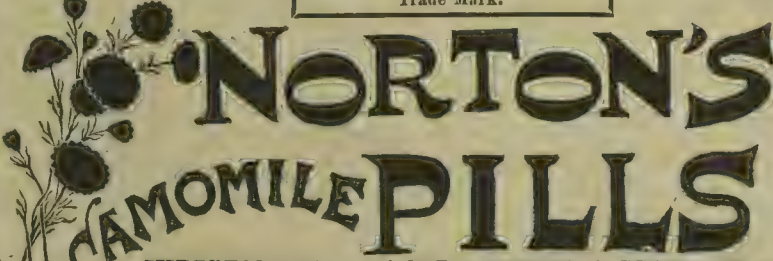
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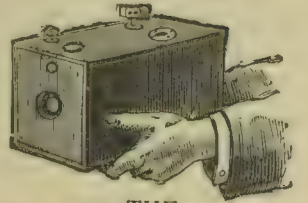
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little tedious when the night side of nature is forced upon us instead of the light.

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proved that it is not the woman with the past, the woman with the grievance, the woman sighing for the confessional-box who is the main and sole interest in a problem play. What is the strong, vital, dramatic chord of interest in "John-a-Dreams," for instance? Not Kate Cloud's confession at all. The play would have been just as strong, just as pulsating, just as impressive as if Kate Cloud were as pure as the lily and her excellent mother as white as the undriven snow. The interest in "John-a-Dreams" consists in the contrasted men—the dreamer and opium-drinker fighting the aggressive sensualist for the soul of a woman. Indeed, I think that the fact of the woman being pure would have bettered the strife. What comes out of Kate Cloud's confession with regard to dramatic force and interest? It is very prettily written and extremely well done; but what comes of it? The old father eats humble pie on the instant, and apologises for his sudden look of astonishment when the confession takes his breath away; John-a-Dreams seems to like her rather better for her fall; and his rival is no nearer to her or no further off from the fact of her confessing her Magdalenic career and her hereditary taint.

Of what value would it have been to "The Masqueraders" if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had made Dulcie Larondie a repentant sinner? Not a bit. We are told that the great fault of John-a-Dreams is that the author has introduced the melodramatic element. They mean the dramatic, but the two are always confounded. But granted that it is melodramatic, surely there is enough and to spare of this element in "The Masqueraders." "The Masqueraders" does not become a bad play because it has pulse, fire, and action, but it becomes an interesting play because Dulcie Larondie is a beautifully written human character, and because the men who fight for her are men and not automata. And then the last act that no one professed to understand at the outset! What more beautiful than David's renunciation? What more natural than the fright and terror of the woman when the harbour has been reached instead of the open angry sea?

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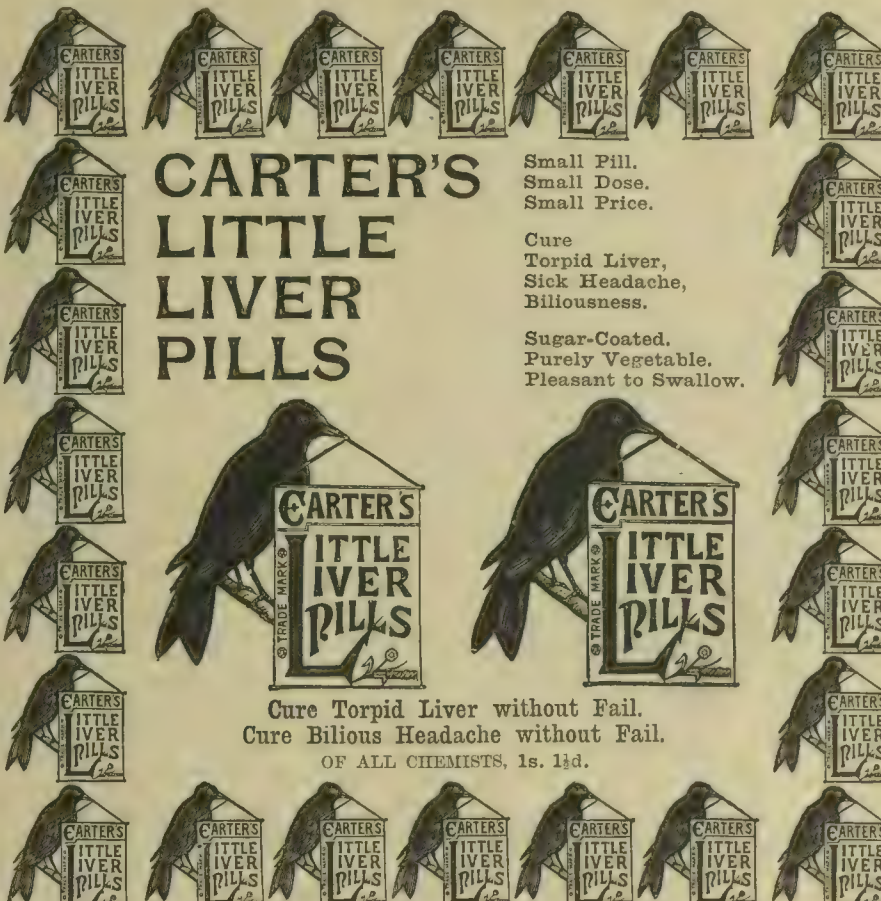
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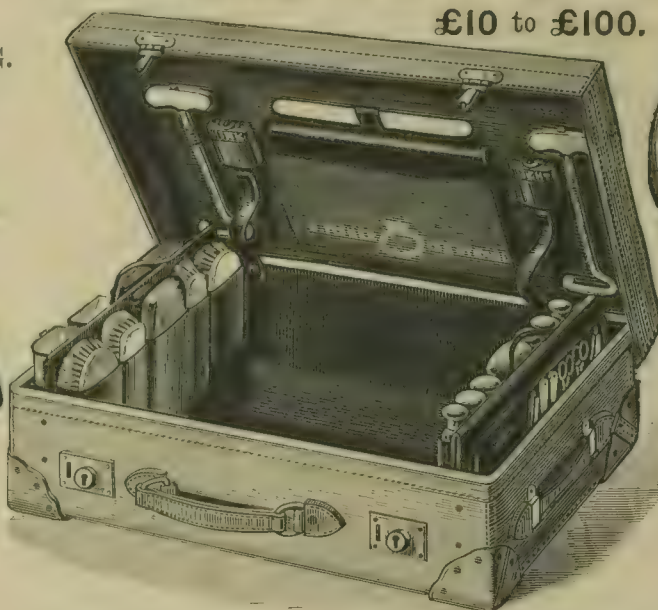


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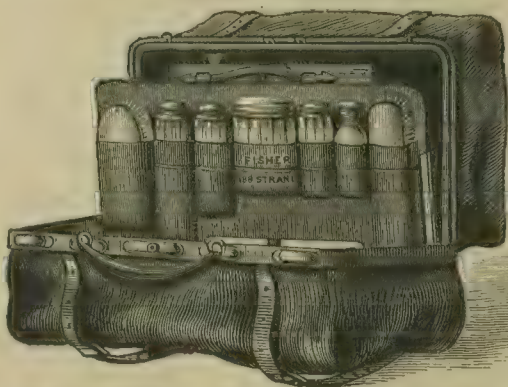


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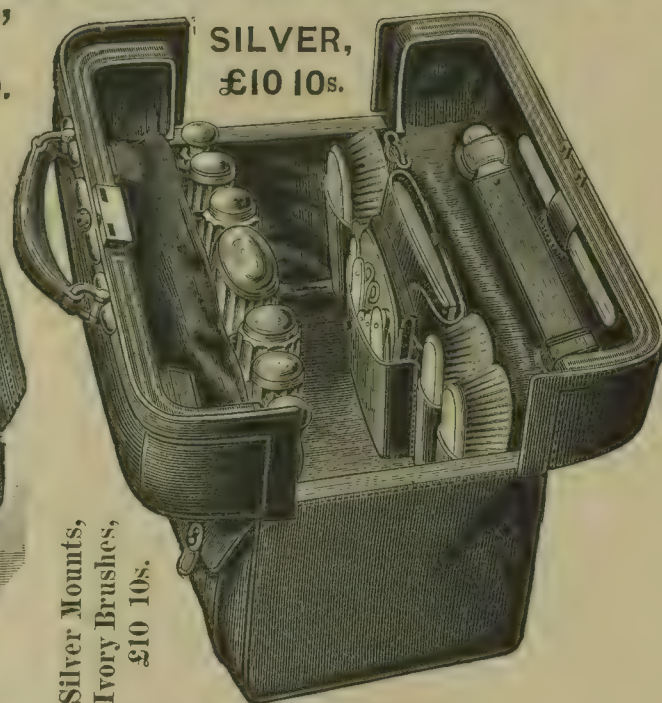
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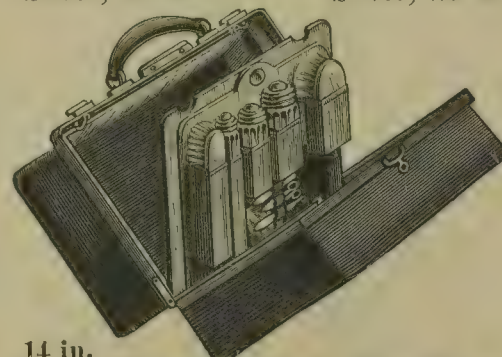
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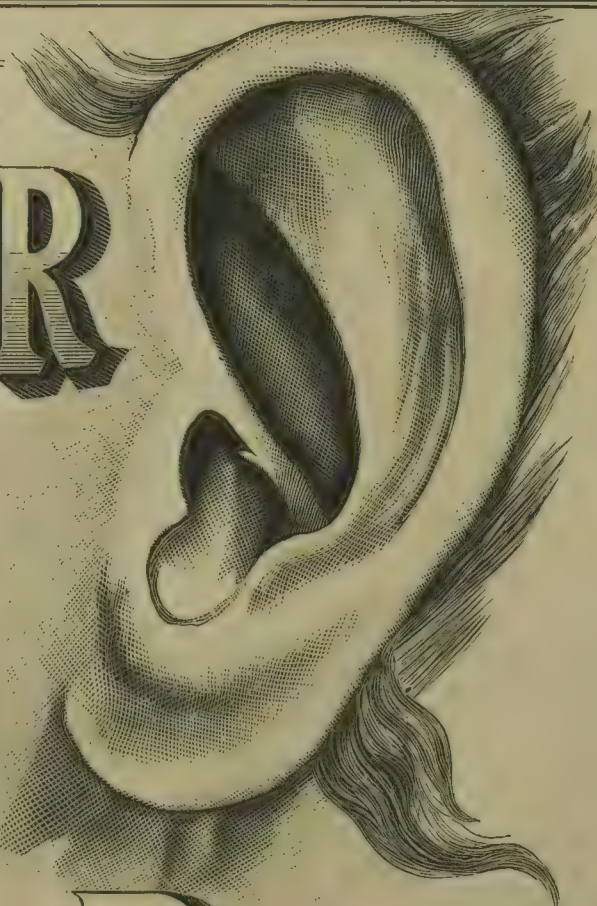


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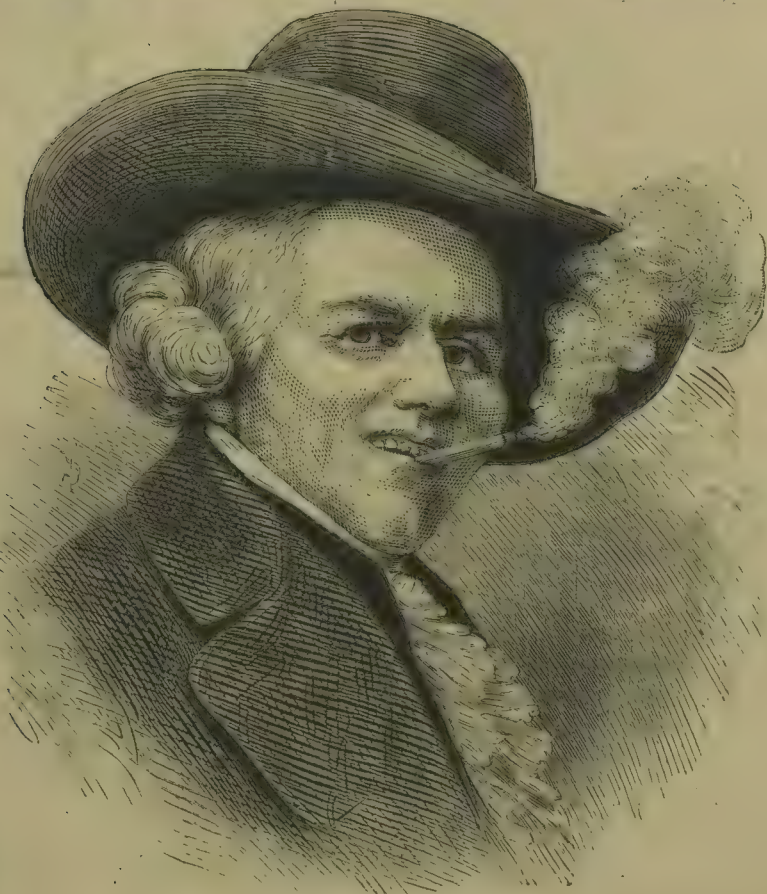
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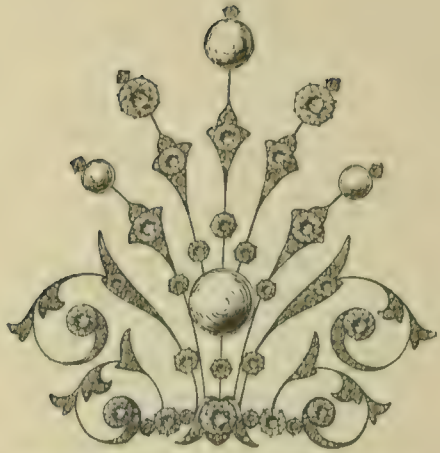
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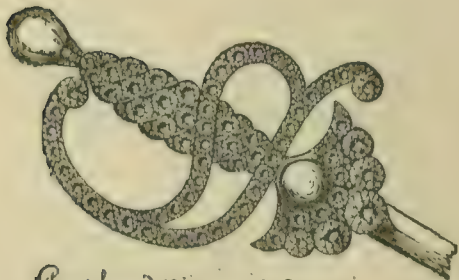
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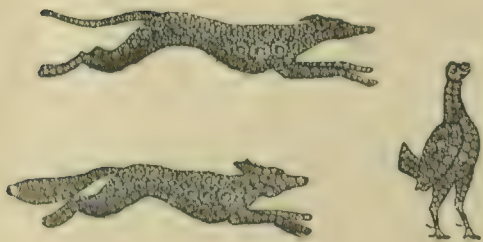
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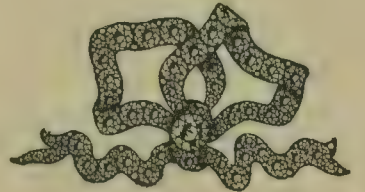
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THE WAR IN THE EAST.



THE MIKADO MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN,
IN THE UNIFORM OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

The Japanese Empire is of very ancient date; but in the twelfth century the hereditary Mikado was deprived of the actual ruling power; which was exercised by the Shogoon, head of the feudal nobility. Since 1868, the Shogoon having been overthrown, the Mikado has been the ruling Sovereign. Mutsuhito was born in 1852, and succeeded his father in 1867.



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, TSAI-TIEN HWANG-TI.

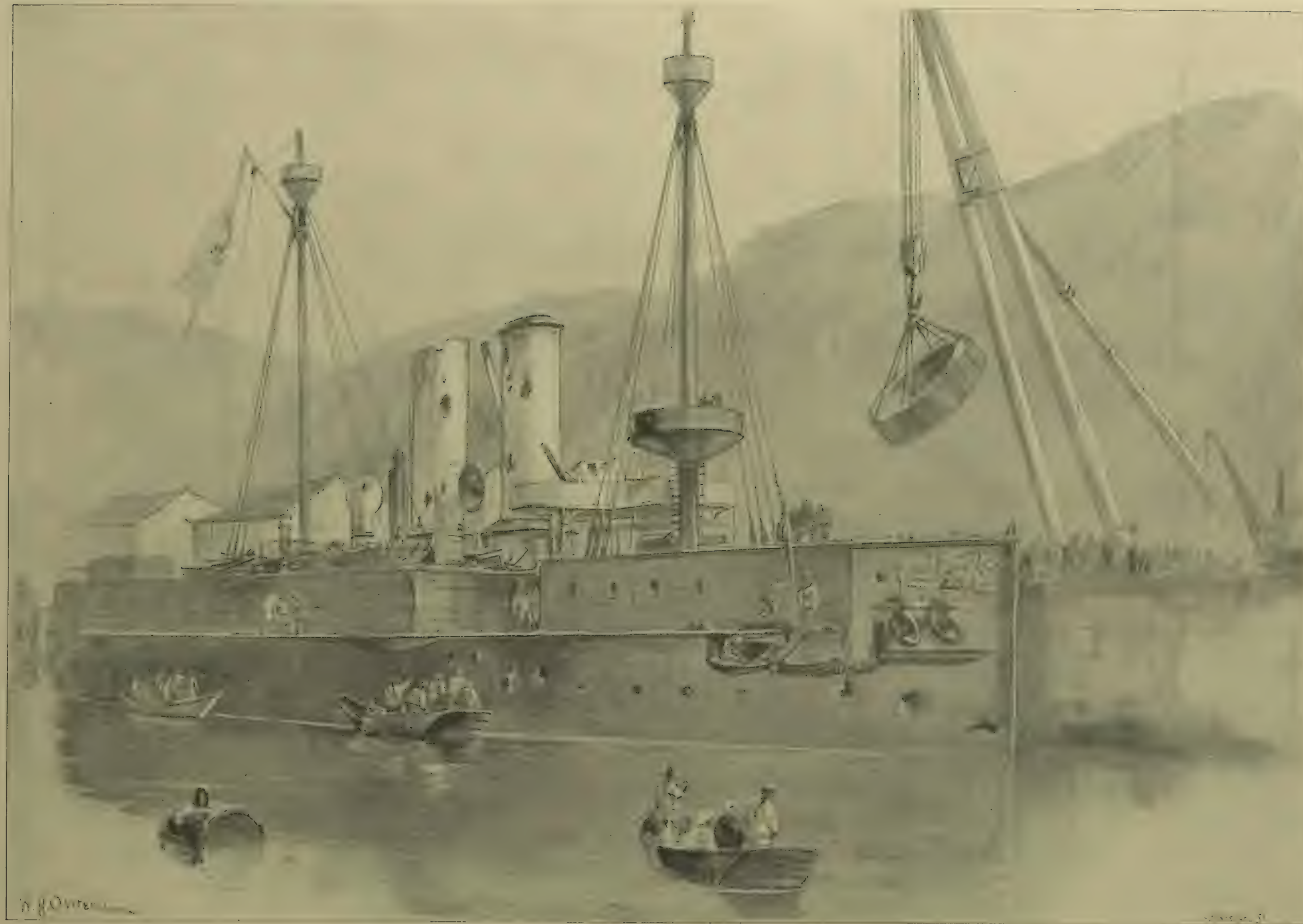
The Manchu dynasty of Tsing was established in 1644. The present sovereign, Tsai-Tien, who reigns under the name of K'wang-Su, is ninth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty. He was born in 1871, and is nephew to the Empress Regent, mother of the last Emperor, Tung Chih. In 1887, Tsai-Tien assumed the nominal reigning authority; in 1889 took the control of government.



ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI HARBOUR: GOVERNMENT PILOT-BOAT GUIDING PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL MAIL STEAM-SHIP AMONG THE SUBMARINE MINES.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. W. WYLDE, R.M.L.I., ON BOARD H.M.S. "LEANDER."

The entrance to Nagasaki is protected by submarine mines, and all ships entering or leaving the harbour must be piloted through by Government launches. The guard-ship to the left of the sketch is the "Ho-sho," one of their oldest ships, having been launched in 1868. The island in the centre of the channel, with the observatory station, is the celebrated Pappenberg, the scene of the massacre of the Christians in 1638. The channel is commanded by earthworks on the hills,



THE CHINESE IRONCLAD BATTLE-SHIP "CHEN-YUEN" UNDERGOING REPAIRS AT PORT ARTHUR.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. W. WYLDE, R.M.L.I., ON BOARD H.M.S. "LEANDER."

The two ironclad battle-ships "Ting-Yuen" and "Chen-Yuen" are the largest and most powerful of the Chinese navy. Their dimensions are 308 ft. 5 in. of length, 59 ft. of beam, with 7430 tons' water displacement; they are built of steel, with 14-in. belt and 12-in. turret-plating, also deck-plating from 3 in. to 14 in. thick: each has engines of 6200 horse-power, with two propellers, giving a speed of nearly 15 knots. Each carries four Krupp guns of 37 tons weight, en barbette, and two smaller guns. After the battle of the Yalu, on Sept. 17, the "Chen-Yuen" went to Port Arthur with her hull much battered, the upper works and funnels riddled by shot, the fore turret pierced, the bridge gone, and the mainmast charred by fire. The repairs would need at least six weeks.



THE CAPTURE OF PING-YANG, IN COREA, SEPTEMBER 16: JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING AT THE GATE OF THE TAI-DONG RIVER BRIDGE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF LAZENBY LIBERTY, ESQ. (OF LIBERTY AND CO., LIMITED), FOR PRESENTATION TO THE JAPAN SOCIETY.

On Sunday, Sept. 16, after defeating and breaking up the Chinese army in its fortified encampment near Ping-Yang, in north-western Corea, the victorious Japanese, commanded by Field-Marshal Count Yamagata, made their entry into that town by the gate of the bridge over the Tai-dong River. This is the scene represented in our Illustration. The capture of Ping-Yang, which commands not only that river and its commercial port on the Yellow Sea, but also the roads from the east coast, at Won-san or Gensan, and from the Chinese frontier, in the north-west, leading to Seoul, the capital of Corea, was an event of decisive importance. It did, in fact, at once put an end to Chinese military operations in that country.



JAPANESE NAVAL ATTACK ON THE CHINESE FORTS AT WEI-HAI-WEI, AUGUST 17.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF LAZENBY LIBERTY, ESQ. (OF LIBERTY AND CO, LIMITED), FOR PRESENTATION TO THE JAPAN SOCIETY.

Our correspondent, Mr. E. J. Rosevere, of H.M.S. "Mercury," on the way from Chemulpo to Chefoo, passing the Chinese naval station of Wei-Hai-Wei, saw the Japanese squadron bombarding the forts at a range of about three miles. The action was little more than a reconnaissance, about forty rounds being fired, and few of the shots reaching within a quarter of a mile of the shore, so that no apparent damage was done. The Chinese shooting was little better. The sketch shows the Third Division, consisting of gun-vessels and corvettes, firing on the forts as they passed the turning-point, while the whole squadron was executing a combined movement. The positions of the forts are shown by their smoke.



THE AKAGI.

VISITING THE JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS "AKAGI" AND "HIYEI" IN NAGASAKI HARBOUR, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. W. WYLDE, R.M.L.I., ON BOARD H.M.S. "LEANDER."

These two ships are stated by the Japanese to have suffered more than any others of the fleet. The "Akagi" is a small gun-boat of 615 tons, carrying a very heavy armament for her size—four six-inch breech-loading guns and six six-pounder quick-firing guns. The "Hi-yei" is an old vessel of 2200 tons, built in 1878; she was struck on the quarter by a shot from a 37-ton gun, which went straight through her and set her on fire. While in harbour these two ships were visited, in three days, by sixty thousand people.



THE CAPTURE OF PING-YANG, IN COREA, BY THE JAPANESE ARMY, SEPTEMBER 16.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF LAMONT LIBERTY, Esq. (OF LIBERTY AND CO., LIMITED), FOR PRESENTATION TO THE JAPAN SOCIETY.

Ping-Yang, or Phyang-Yang, a large town of Corea, on the Tai-dong River, the chief inlet of maritime traffic from the western coast, was occupied by a Chinese army of 20,000 men, under General Tso, who has since been beheaded for his defeat in this campaign. He was attacked by the Japanese Field Marshal Count Yamagata, with very superior forces, marching in three separate columns by different roads to assail the Chinese earthworks, which they cannonaded on Sept. 15, and stormed next morning before daylight. Of the Chinese, 2300 were killed, four or five thousand wounded, and a still greater number taken prisoners, others dispersed and put to flight. The Japanese loss was very small.



NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU, SEPTEMBER 17: SINKING OF THE CHINESE SHIP, "CHIH-YUEN."

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. W. WYLDE, R.M.L.I., ON BOARD H.M.S. "LEANDER."

An account of this engagement will be found on another page. The Japanese fleet is here represented circling round the Chinese. Two Chinese cruisers, the "King-Yuen" and the "Chih-Yuen," having advanced to cut the Japanese line, the "King-Yuen" was set on fire by a shell, and was obliged to flood her magazine. This caused her to heel over to starboard and rendered her unmanageable, besides preventing her working her guns, and exposing her deck to fire. She sank in a few minutes. The "Chih-Yuen" was torpedoed, and went down bows first with screws revolving, like H.M.S. "Victoria."



RAW LEVIES FOR THE CHINESE ARMY.
DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.

The Chinese regular army, from which the garrisons of Peking, Tientsin, and the provincial capitals are drawn, musters considerably less than 100,000 men altogether. The only reserve force is that of the Ying-Ping, or national militia, sometimes called "the Green Flags" or "the Braves"; of whom, possibly, in the eighteen provinces, 170,000 might be called out for service, but undrilled, and mostly armed with hatchets, pikes, bows and arrows, and "jingals" or heavy matchlocks. Some of these raw levies have, in their march towards the seat of war, perpetrated robberies and murders and other outrages. They are more to be dreaded than the Japanese soldiers.

CONFESSIONS OF A JUSTIFIED SINNER.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is very unlucky for an author to write, and write well, and on an excellent subject, some sixty years too early. This was the fortune of the Ettrick Shepherd, when he produced "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner" (Longmans) in 1824. The novel is in a way historic—that is, the events and persons and, to some extent, the governing ideas, all belong to the end of the seventeenth century. But the tale has no "love-interest." There is no fighting. The essential elements are "subjective." We are informed about a man's mental condition. We have a wonderfully delicate study of a mind just verging on madness, or of a soul just selling itself to the Devil. For there is this subtlety in the Shepherd, that, though he seems to be describing the degradation and despair of a weak and malignant intellect under the stress of Calvinistic doctrine, yet there are touches, there are incidents, which will not submit to be explained as purely subjective. Thus Hogg hits on the very process of Sheridan Le Fanu, in his gruesome story, "Green Tea." "Melancholy hallucinations of a mind overwrought," we say as we read the story of the haunting black ape. Yes, but then what made the impression on the pillow of the dying man? Hogg, many years earlier, adopted the same device. The Great Friend, the Mysterious Stranger, is a subjective hallucination of the Justified Sinner's. Yes, but there are circumstances which cannot be fitted into that theory, which demand an explanation rejected by common-sense and the emancipated intellect. This device of Hogg's, it may be acknowledged, is subtle, is not what we expect from the good Shepherd. Hawthorne or Poe might not have disdained this artifice, whereof the art is cunningly hidden. Mr. Louis Stevenson might admire the manner in some scenes, and, indeed, in his "Thrawn Janet," he has either unconsciously borrowed or accidentally hit upon an effect of horror already produced by Hogg. So unlike Hogg is the sustained terror of the tale and the refinement of some scenes that I and others have suspected the collaboration of Lockhart. But of this there is no documentary proof.

The arrangement of the piece is not good, and the scissors might be freely used for the abridgement of the whole. First we have the Narrative of the Editor who publishes the Sinner's own manuscript. Colwan of Dalcastle, a gay Laird of, say, 1690, married a bitterly Puritanic Whig wife. The adventures of their wedding night were such as we read of in the "Nibelungen Lied." The lady went home to her father, returned to her lord with an ill grace, lived with him with a worse, but presented him with two boys. The younger brother the Laird would not acknowledge, and he is the Justified Sinner. He was brought up by a sour Calvinistic divine, his mother's favourite, and on every occasion of meeting his elder brother, Robert behaved with hateful insolence. In brief, we have something like the situation of the brethren of Balantrac. The older brother, George, discovers that Robert is his kinsman, and, after a quarrel, vainly attempts to be reconciled. The strife causes a riot, and the sullen Presbyterian ferocity of the younger brother is admirably described. He haunts, dogs, persecutes George, who is finally found murdered near the Nor Loch. His father died, and the younger brother, who adopted the name of his mother's favourite preacher, succeeded to the estates. Now comes a tedious passage, in which a mistress of the old Laird, by aid of a woman of abandoned character, discovers that two persons were engaged in the elder brother's murder. One of these is a mysterious creature, who exactly resembled a man accused of the murder, but really distant from the scene. The other is the younger brother himself. He and his mother strangely disappear.

So much for the Editor's narrative. Then follows that of the Sinner, discovered in company with a dead body, in a peat moss, near the head of Ettrick. That body, again, was exhumed by Lockhart, and the Editor, in consequence of a paper by the Shepherd in *Blackwood* for 1823. The account of the Shepherd at a fair, near Thirlestane, is most humorous and accurate. He is found to have made picturesque mis-statements about topography, as he certainly would have done, but the body and the manuscript (partly printed) are discovered. This narrative is the Sinner's Autobiography. He was, and assassinate him. The old Laird dies, the Sinner succeeds. He becomes conscious of a double personality, and neither person is himself! Dr. Jekyll has two Hydes, without any visible physical change. But the strange companion is visible to mankind. The sinner is accused of debauching and murdering a girl. His mother vanishes. He finds himself charged on all sides with deeds, common or criminal, of which he has no memory. He flees from place to place, ever dreading, over meeting, his mysterious and now detested friend. He hides in a printer's office, and prints part of his own memoirs. He is driven from one wild shelter in the Forest to another by mysterious sounds and sights, which alarm his hosts. He consents to utter an awful and impious prayer. Finally he is found hanged in a hay rope which could not possibly support a third of his weight—like Thrawn Janet, suspended by a thread. He is buried at night, and we have heard how he was exhumed.

The feverish and insane delusions are constantly countered by the palpable fact that people see and know Gil Martin, the mysterious companion. The reader is left in a maze of bewildered horror and enjoys "a new kind of shudder." The depraved woman of the tale is drawn, though loosely, still with humour; in fact, nearly all is loosely done, the construction is careless, but the substance is exactly what a master of horror might desire. We have an anticipation of Dr. Jekyll, and we have a little of the appropriate manner. Finish and compression are needed, yet there is more of both than we expect from Hogg. What made him run a tilt at the extreme doctrine (the impeccability and assured salvation of the Elect) held by his favourite Covenanters? No research has hitherto thrown any light on this peculiar chapter in the Shepherd's intellectual history. The book was an absolute failure.

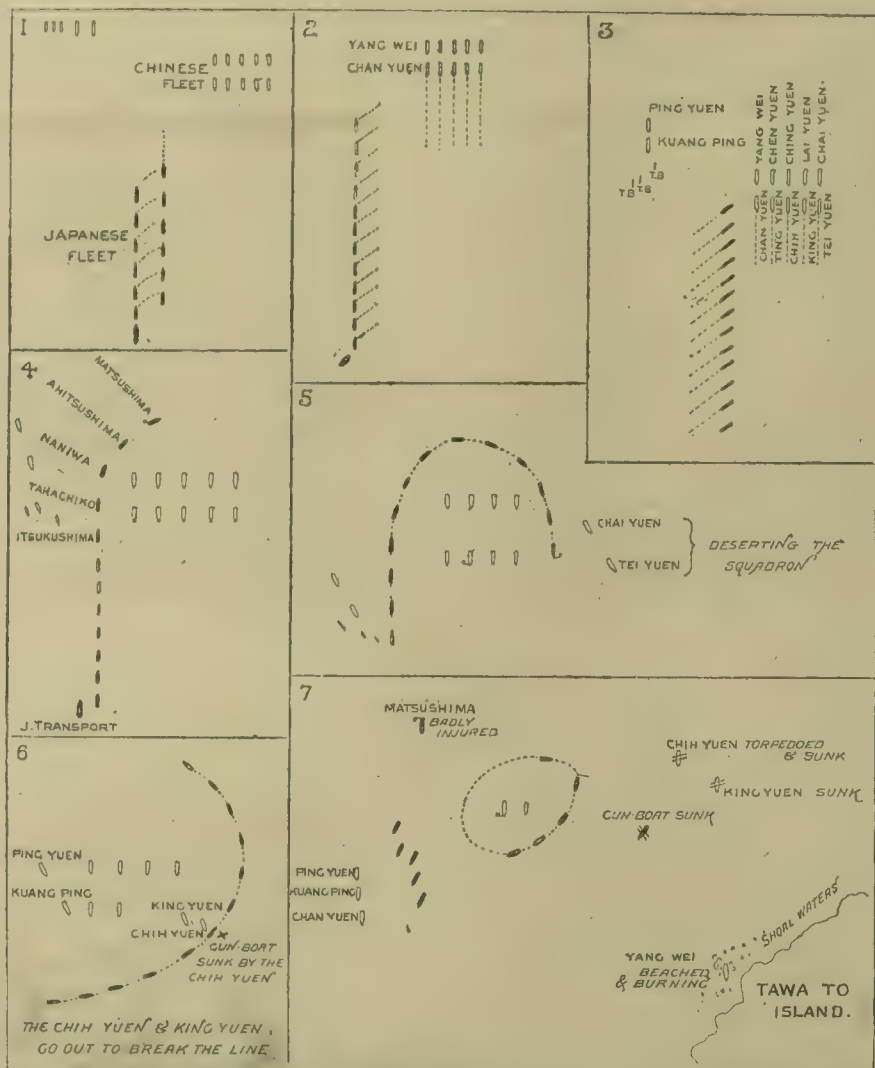
NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU.

Our last publication contained a sketch of two great Chinese ironclads, the *Chen-Yuen* and *Ting-Yuen*, and two armour-protected cruisers, the *Ching-Yuen* and *Lai-Yuen*, in a sadly battered condition, lying at Port Arthur some days after the battle fought on Sept. 17 at the mouth of the Yalu, the frontier river between China and Corea. This sketch was supplied by Lieutenant A. W. Wylde, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, on board H.M.S. *Leander*, which arrived at Port Arthur, to find seven or eight ships, the Chinese squadron, in the dock basin, but the *Ting-Yuen*, Admiral Ting's flag-ship, undergoing repairs in the

dry dock. From statements made by the officers, our correspondent drew the plans, which are engraved to show the successive positions and movements of the opposed squadrons. He observes that in the position No. 4, where the Japanese wheeled round the Chinese right flank, they poured such a hot fire into the two flank ships, the *Chen-Yuen* and the *Yang-Wei*, that both these ships were set on fire and much crippled; the *Yang-Wei* had to be beached, and burnt herself out; the *Chen-Yuen* ran on a rock after the fight

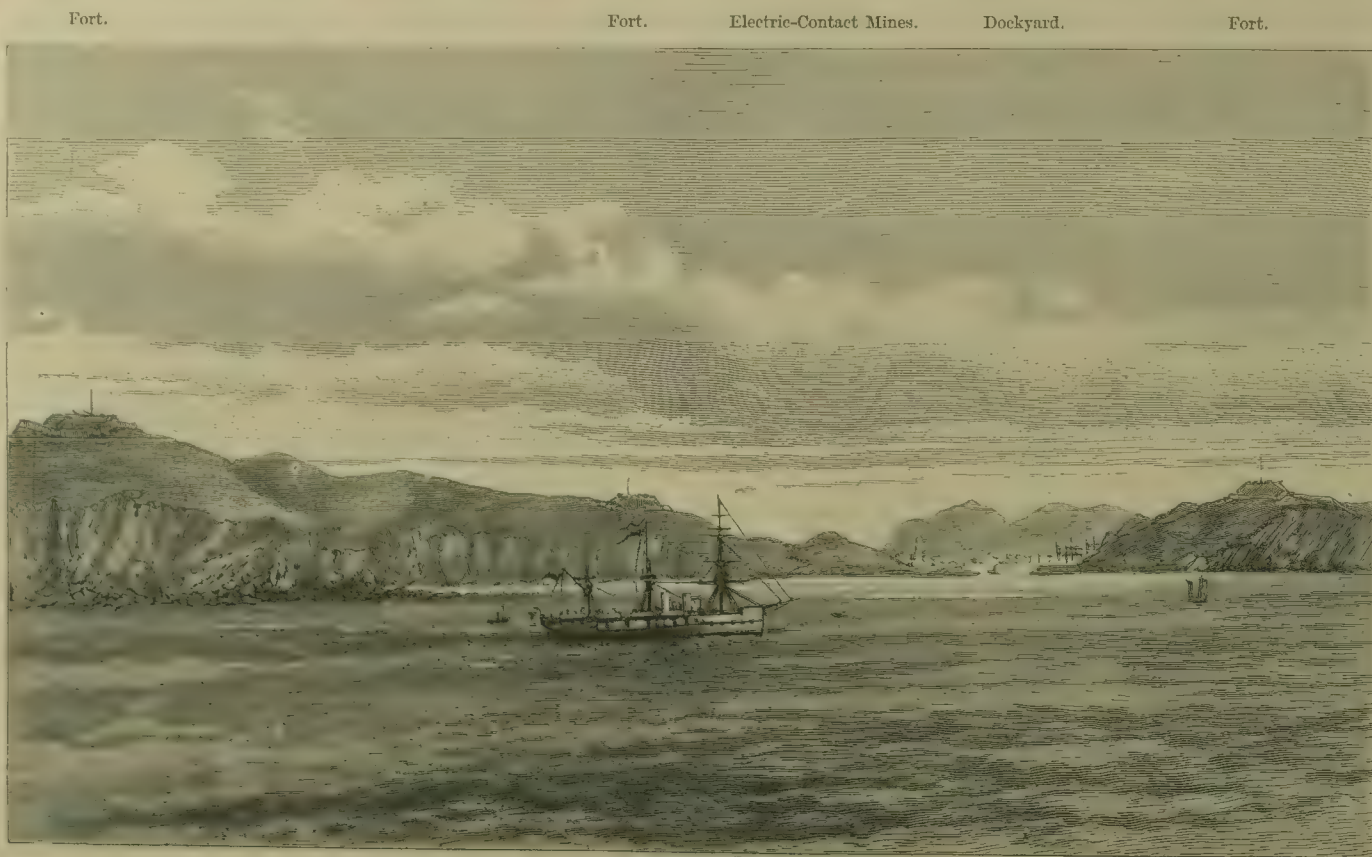
in her retreat. In position No. 6 the *King-Yuen* and the *Chih-Yuen* had left the line, and attempted to cut through the Japanese formation. The *Chih-Yuen*, having sunk a large gun-boat by a shell which exploded her magazine, turned to re-join her squadron, but, exposing her broadside, was torpedoed and sank immediately. The *King-Yuen* caught fire and was sunk. The *Tai-Yuen* and the *Chai-Yuen* behaved disgracefully, leaving in the beginning of the action. After the position shown in plan No. 6, both fleets ceased fighting in order to extinguish the fires on board most of the ships. When the action was resumed it became divided; five Japanese ships surrounding the *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen*, the two Chinese ironclads,

the remainder fighting more or less independently. The Japanese flag-ship, the *Matsushima*, was badly damaged early in the fight. The Japanese fleet at dark, about six o'clock in the evening, hauled off and retired, when the Chinese reformed their squadron. The Chinese ships lost were the *King-Yuen* (2850 tons), *Chih-Yuen* (2300 tons), *Yang-Wei* (1350 tons), and *Chen-Yuen* (1400 tons). The *Lai-Yuen* was so severely burnt as not to be fit for service,



PLAN OF BATTLE OF THE YALU, WITH POSITIONS OF JAPANESE AND CHINESE FLEETS.

Sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Wylde, H.M.S. "Leander."

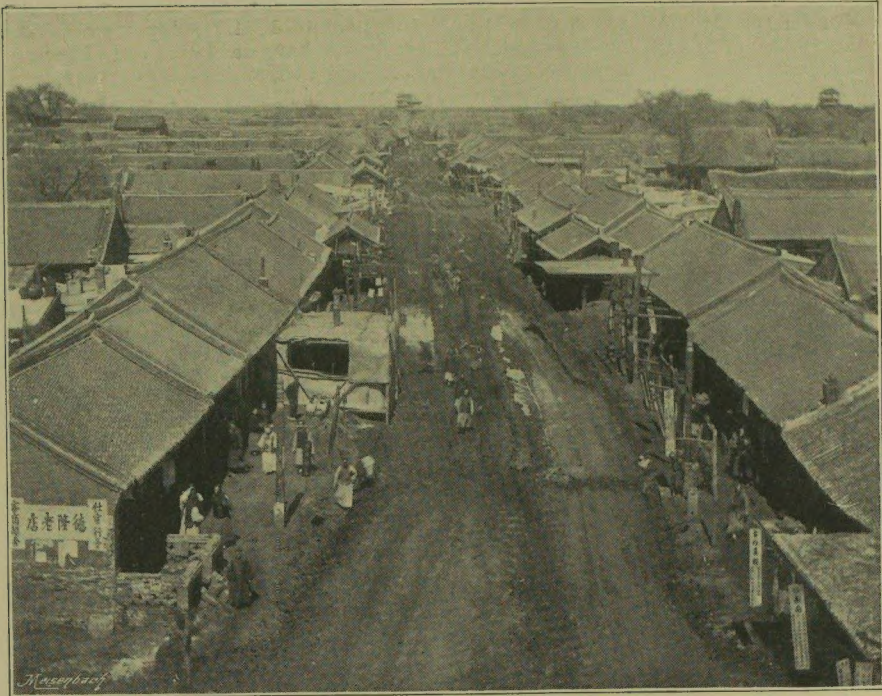


H.M.S. "LEANDER" OFF PORT ARTHUR, WAITING FOR THE CHINESE OFFICERS OF THE GUARD.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Wylde, H.M.S. "Leander."

as himself; from that day the fashion of the countenance of the young man was altered strangely: his mother shrank from him. With his mysterious friend he discussed the high anarchist doctrines of the Covenant. They two were the Elect, they had a mission (like the murderers of Archbishop Sharp) to destroy "mere moralists" and the godless. They slay, in a wonderful passage of insanity, a "moderate" minister; they persecute the Sinner's brother,

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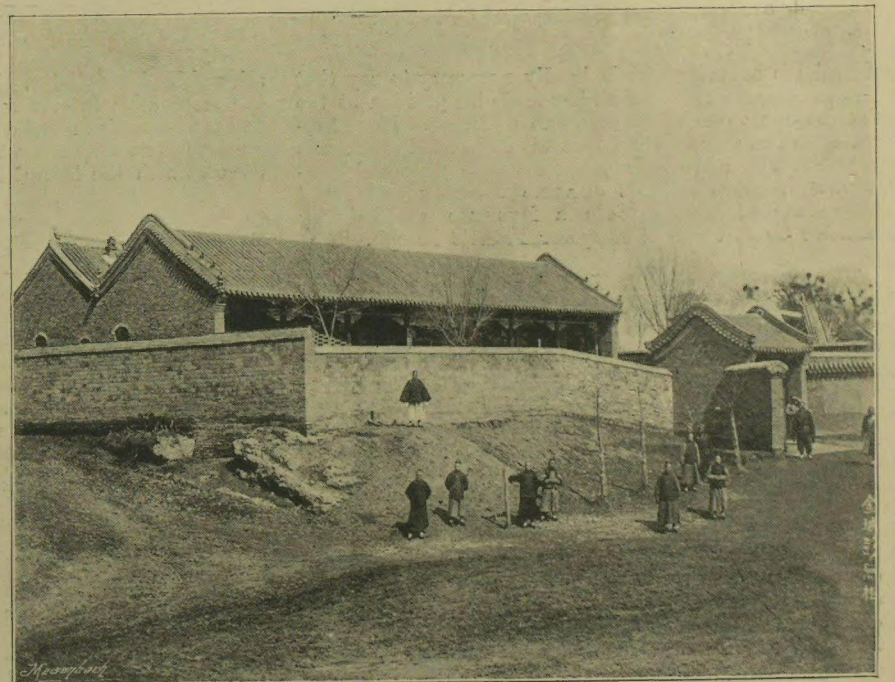
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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It appears, if some of our contemporaries are rightly informed, that the relations between England and Russia in Afghanistan are to be more amicable than hitherto they have been; also, that M. Nicolas de Giers, senior, is to be relieved of his duties as Minister for Foreign Affairs and to be replaced by Prince Lobanoff-Rostowski, the actual Russian Ambassador at Vienna. To England a Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, provided he be a Minister and not a mere secretary, as M. de Giers has been of late years, is the most interesting personage of the Russian Cabinet, for on him depends to a considerable extent our peace of mind with regard to the Indian Empire, not to mention peace in Europe; and especially is this the case when such a Minister is called upon to advise a young and, however well-intentioned, inexperienced Sovereign. Hence, little or no apology is needed for devoting a few lines to Prince Lobanoff.

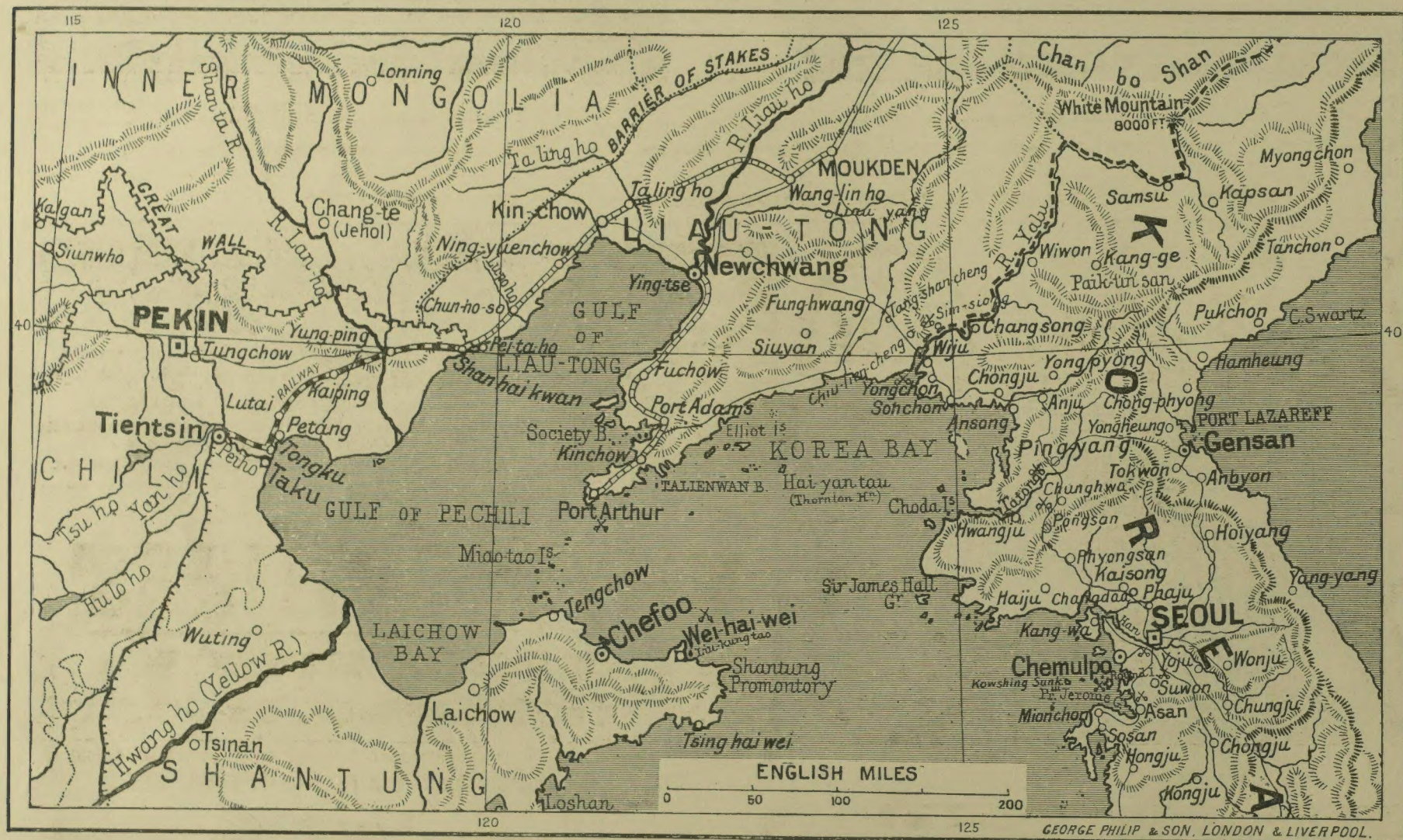
Prince Lobanoff is Russian to the backbone, by which I mean that he is a Slavophile through thick and thin who has never wavered for a single moment in his conviction that the future welfare of Russia is absolutely bound up with the closest possible union of all the Slavonic races in Europe and, as a matter of course, under the hegemony of Russia. To this task he has devoted, and is devoting

For it is currently reported that M. Zinovieff never hesitates to do this if he has the chance; that, in fact, he did this with such good effect in the case of Prince Dolgourouki, the successor of M. Melnikoff at Teheran, that the Prince, tired and disgusted with the intrigues of which he failed to guess the authors, asked to be relieved of his duties, and returned to St. Petersburg. Of course, M. Zinovieff had scored a victory, though a barren one, for shortly afterwards he also was removed from the Asiatic Department to take up his quarters in the capital of King Oscar. Nevertheless, M. Zinovieff has not left off saying that the only possible opponent of England's policy in India is M. Zinovieff; and, therefore, it is a healthy sign for us that he has been set aside by the new Czar in favour of Prince Lobanoff, who, if he has any pretensions in that way, has as yet not divulged them.

M. Sischkine, with whose name rumour has also been busy as the probable successor of M. de Giers, is the permanent Chief of the Foreign Ministry in St. Petersburg. He is as Russian as Prince Lobanoff, a tremendously hard worker, but, by all accounts, devoid of the spirit of initiative which distinguishes his coming official superior. Nor has he the *finesse* of his predecessor, M. Wangali, actually Ambassador at Rome. M. Wangali is one of the best diplomatists in the true, though perhaps not in the most flattering, sense Russia possesses. He has all the craft of the Asiatic, and a very thick layer of the polish of the European. He is not only a brilliant talker, but an admirable debater, and, above

HONG-KONG'S TROUBLES.

Hong-Kong is unfortunate. Scarcely were the terrors of the plague over than a series of typhoons burst upon us (writes a correspondent) with a rapidity and vehemence unparalleled in the eleven years since our Observatory was established. We have had four of these visitations within fifteen days, and the last, on Oct. 5, was the fiercest and worst since the great typhoon of 1874. Happily we have an Observatory; happily we have in Mr. F. G. Figg a scientific expert who, trained at Kew, has spent years in working out the theory, and, alas! the practice, of typhoons; so that we had timely warning, and our ships were able to find shelter before the burst was upon us. It is speaking within bounds to say that the warnings of the past fortnight have saved the colony more than the cost of the Observatory since its foundation. Fancy what it must have been to smash the very anemometer, to drive the rain through brick walls, to lift floors in shut-up houses, to uproot huge banyan-trees with their spreading roots, to drive branches and leaves two miles across the bay to leeward! Hong-Kong was bowled in trees; now, as we look down from the hills, she is bedded in match-wood. It was blowing steadily some eighty-six miles an hour when the anemometer gave way. The town was a wreck; houses had gone down, roofs in scores had been stripped; telegraph and electric-light wires lay athwart the streets, mingled with the debris of walls, windows, and trees. In Kowloon every garden in the peninsula was swept with mingled spray and driving horizontal rain,



THE SEAT OF WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

still, all his energies. It is hardly necessary to say that this by no means hidden *credo* has made his position at the Austrian Court one of considerable difficulty. Nevertheless, it is but fair to state that his undoubted diplomatic capacities, which are very great, his wide general knowledge, and, above all, his extreme urbanity and social accomplishments, have made a favourite in the very exclusive Court circle of Emperor Francis Joseph.

Whether Prince Lobanoff's Slavophilism excludes or includes an aggressive policy in India on Russia's part, I am not prepared to say. Certain it is that one of the men to whom Prince Lobanoff has been preferred—still according to the said reports of our contemporaries—has up till now been considered a very ardent supporter of that aggressive policy. I am referring to M. Zinovieff, the present Russian Minister at Stockholm, who, before his mission to Sweden, was the envoy in Persia, where he scored some big diplomatic successes, thanks to his intimate knowledge of Persian, which enabled him to converse freely and at all times with the Shah without the tiresome intervention of interpreters. He is supposed to have foiled many an attempt of English diplomacy to influence Nashr-ed-Dhin, though if this be so, one fails to see why M. Zinovieff was removed from his post to make room for M. Melnikoff, whose place he, M. Zinovieff, took as the Chief of the Asiatic Department of Foreign Affairs, which renders the holder of it virtually independent of the titular Minister of Foreign Affairs. From this it will become patent that the Asiatic policy proper of Russia is virtually kept distinct from its European policy, and it is therefore difficult to judge what the views of Prince Lobanoff may be on the subject, and whether he will be enabled to carry them out, even though M. Zinovieff be no longer there to thwart him in the event of their differing from his.

all, a skilful negotiator. It was he who paved the way for the memorable interview of M. de Giers, King Humbert and the Marquis di Rudini; an interview of which Austria, perhaps at no very distant date, may be called upon to pay the cost with the loss of Trieste and her Italian provinces. But this need not concern us. What is of real importance to England is the appointment of Prince Lobanoff and the non-appointment of M. Zinovieff to the portfolio of Russia's Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa descend already upon the editorial table Christmas Cards without number. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are among the earliest to enter the lists, and their provision for the forthcoming season is enormous. A sign of the public taste is shown in the fact that this firm has no less than two hundred distinct sets of what are called black-and-white Christmas cards. Pictures by Academicians and artists as popular as Marcus Stone, R.A., Dudley Hardy, G. L. Seymour, A. Ludovici, and J. Raven-Hill have their pictures reproduced in various styles, from the old-fashioned engraving to the newer fashion of Goupinlavure and phototype. For good taste, these black-and-white cards stand unrivalled, and are treasures worth preservation when more ordinary specimens of Christmas greeting have gone into the limbo of forgotten things. Messrs. Tuck have also one thousand separate sets of coloured cards, of all shapes, sizes, and styles; the only quality which is common to them all is that of exquisite printing. There is the "Fern Filagree Series," with many a dainty flower upon its folds, or there is the "Humorous Series," which would have drawn a smile from Mr. Scrooge in his surliest mood; the "Bijou Expanding Series," and the "Gainsborough." But it is impossible to name all where everything is so delightful. The calendars must have a word of praise, the "Shakespeare Hero and Heroine" calendar being one of the best,

and flooded with salt-water. The barracks of the Hong-Kong and Shropshire Regiments were levelled with the ground, and clothing, stores, and accoutrements mingled in one sad havoc of brine and gritty mud. Unhappily, we were so near the centre that the wind veered rapidly. In vain were the two warning guns fired, for no warning can make a weather-shore when the wind chops round; and the small craft, that had sought the shelter of the coast, found themselves on a dead lee-shore, and junk and lighter, launch and sampan, were hurled helplessly and hopelessly into the very land that should have sheltered them. The lesson was a sharp one, but it was convincing. We count our losses by thousands of dollars. Had there been no Mr. Figg at the helm, we should have totalled up the account in hundreds of thousands of the same scarce coin.

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A KIND HEART AND A CAREWORN CABMAN.

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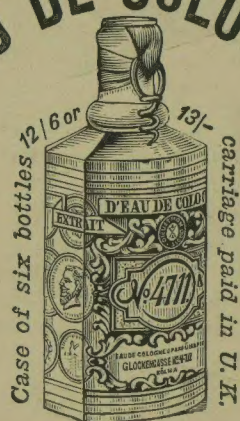
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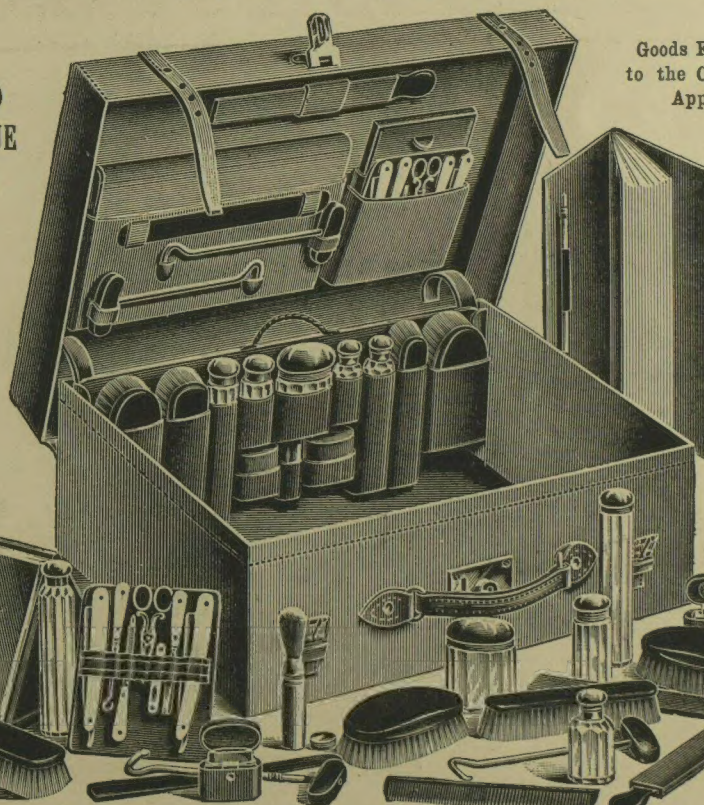
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solicited testimonial.
"My baby being very
delicate from birth, and
after trying almost every-
thing, I was at last persua-
ded to try Mellin's Food for
Infants, which I did, though
almost reluctantly, but, as you
will see from the enclosed photo,
with the most remarkable success.
You are at perfect liberty to make
any use you may think proper of
this letter and photo. — Yours
faithfully, "ANNA COWELL.
"P.S.—The baby is just twelve
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has been used with the
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Princes, sons of their
Imperial Majesties
the Emperor
and Empress.
"The
Cabinet of Her
Majesty the
Empress and
Queen."



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"Mr. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—Herewith I
beg to enclose you a portrait
of my son, Howard William,
taken at ten months old. At
six months he underwent two
very painful operations, but
thanks to Mellin's Food, on which
he has been solely brought up, he
pulled through wonderfully well,
as his portrait, no doubt, bears
testimony.
"Yours faithfully,
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in handing you one of my baby's
photos. We did not think it
possible the child could live, until
we were advised to try your Food,
which we did, and since then he
has thriven wonderfully—in
fact, you would not know it
for the same child. At the
time this photo was taken he
was nine months. I certainly
shall recommend Mellin's
Food, as I think it is
excellent.
"Yours faithfully,
"ALICE E.
"PIPER."



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AT THE
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EXPOSITION,
AND
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"Bridge House, Bandon, Co. Cork,
"October 8, 1891.
"Mr. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—I enclose photo of
my baby, Lilian Ida, who wants
three days of being six months old,
and has been reared solely on
Mellin's Food since she was six
weeks.
"Everyone thought that I
would never rear her, and even
the doctor that recommended
your Food thought the same,
as she had all the appearance
of starvation. She is now
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thank Mellin's Food.
"Truly yours,
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